

THE ROUND TABLE.

VOL. III.—No. 18

New York, Saturday, January 6, 1866.

Price: \$6 a Year, in Advance
Single Copies, 15 Cents

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Harper & Brothers.

CORRESPONDENCE:
Boston.
Philadelphia.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

H. E. & C. H. SWEETSER, CONDUCTORS.

OFFICE: 132 NASSAU STREET.

HOW TO RESCUE THE FALLEN.

ON Wednesday of last week a "Home" for fallen women was opened in a locality in the city notorious for the abundance of houses of ill-fame. Appropriate religious services were held, and a pertinent address was delivered by the leading representative of the New School Presbyterian Church in New York, Rev. William Adams, D.D. The purpose of the enterprise is stated to be "to save that class of young girls who have been led astray, but who, having just entered upon a life of vice, most of them through artful temptations of various kinds and many by the pressure of poverty, are hopeful subjects of Christian and philanthropic effort." The modesty of this declaration evinces, on the part of the managers, a proper appreciation of the magnitude of the work before them, and a meritorious distrust of the results of their labors upon the class among which they propose to labor. And the same spirit was manifest throughout the entire proceedings. Each speaker recognized the enormity of the evil to be combated, and freely confessed ignorance as to the best method of restricting its spread. The prevailing sentiment was that something must be done, and done at once; and that whether the means to be employed were or were not the most efficient that could be devised, they should be used until experience should suggest something more efficacious. This frank acknowledgment of doubt as to the accomplishment of much good by mere reformatories for women who have strayed from the path of virtue, coupled with a determination to do all that in them lies to check this great and growing evil, should win for the managers of the "Home" in West Houston Street not merely the indorsement, but the practical support, of every upright man and woman in the metropolis.

There is something appalling in the thought that so far our Christian civilization has failed to diminish the extent of prostitution, or to mitigate its horrors. Statistics show that in modern civilized communities one woman out of every sixty becomes a victim to the passions of the sexes. Not that every one of these becomes a public prostitute, but that there is one impure woman to fifty-nine pure ones—a statement that should stir the blood of the whole community. If it were announced authoritatively that the cholera would visit this city next summer, and that one out of every two hundred persons was sure to fall a victim to it, there would straightway be a panic among us. Men and women would flee as for their lives. Yet here is an established fact, to wit: that by some inscrutable law one-sixtieth of our women (especially in the centers of population) are almost certain to lead a life the mere contemplation of which fills even a depraved heart with horror. And society is inclined to close its eyes to it; to refuse to recognize it except in the most general terms, and then in the secrecy of private conference! Can this be right? We speak of the vices of heathendom and appeal to

Christian people to afford the means for removing them, and refrain, with perhaps a natural, but certainly a mistaken, delicacy from alluding to the vice that has its votaries in our own communities—votaries, too, that are numbered by thousands, that jostle us on the public promenade, glide by us in luxurious carriages, and sit beside us in places of amusement.

Is prostitution an inevitable concomitant of our modern civilization? Is it, as some theorists have held, an unavoidable accompaniment of monogamy? The Mohammedan and the Mormon boast that where polygamy is allowed this vice is comparatively unknown, and there have not been wanting physiologists and social philosophers to insist that in some form it was essential to the constitution of society. But we have no patience with these philosophic vagaries. The experience of mankind, the innate notions of right and wrong, and the teachings of Christianity alike condemn them. Yet the simple recognition of the existence and the enormity of "the social evil" amounts to very little. The whole community must be made to feel the baneful influence of the commerce of the sexes, and to realize the necessity of employing every possible means to restrict its progress. The time has come to speak plainly. Happily New York is not yet so bad as Paris in this respect, nor does it compare with the open shamelessness of London and the other large cities of Great Britain. But every intelligent person must know that the evil is steadily increasing, and the inevitable results that it entails are becoming more and more apparent every year.

How to reclaim the fallen is a problem that has never been satisfactorily solved. Efforts in this direction have been made again and again, particularly in England, but the results have been meager as compared with the time and labor expended. Here and there a brand has been plucked from the burning, but still the proportion of those who have been reclaimed to those who have adhered to their wretched mode of life has been almost unappreciably small. Not that the reformation of these few did not far outweigh all the efforts that had been expended, but it was natural to look for greater results from these labors. We speak of "fallen" women, forgetful, perhaps, that the world in which they move recognizes no such distinction. The most of them, as statistics show, are of humble origin, and, in one way or another, adopt their mode of life because it enables them to gratify an innate love of display. Moral considerations go for almost nothing with such persons, and, when they are urged to relinquish the horrible life they lead for one that is purer and worthy of them as immortal beings, they view the matter from a stand-point of their own. Realizing that, by their own action, they are excluded from what passes by the name of "society," they see nothing to gain in that respect; in their present situation they command all the luxuries which civilization affords, but, to make the change that is urged upon them, they must give up those luxuries and earn a living by their hands. In dealing with these women this consideration must be kept in mind, and also that, in order to induce them to view the matter from a Christian stand-point, one must be able to appreciate the view they take of it from their position. It is this, coupled with the ban which society lays upon all who have strayed from virtue's path, that makes it so extremely difficult to approach and, after that, exert a reformatory influence upon fallen women.

If there be a country which, above all others, affords great opportunities for restricting and eventually removing the "social evil," it is this. Here Christianity has free course, unrestricted by state establishments, and unfettered by statecraft; here

all Christian and philanthropic efforts are unimpeded. To these privileges attach corresponding responsibilities, and the Christian Church in the United States—by which we mean not any one sect, but all denominations which call themselves Christian—will be false to itself, to its mission, to its country, and to its fealty to its Divine Head, if it fail to set to work at once, and with all the means it can command, to uproot this gigantic evil. But the responsibility does not rest here. Every father and mother, every man and woman in the land, has a part in the matter; and not until this responsibility is realized, and the duties enjoined by it are performed, can we expect to reclaim the fallen, or restrain the pure from falling likewise.

THE OLD LIBRARIAN.

THE old librarian was the last of a line of New England divines; he had been a settled pastor for a good portion of his life, and was a good writer of sermons. A studious man by nature, books were not so much of a luxury as a necessity to him. He formed in early life the determination to accumulate a library, and on the fly-leaf of one of his volumes he wrote in fair and clerically hand this resolve: "By the help of God, I undertake to add one hundred volumes to my library every year." As he never married, and had none but himself to care for, he was able to spend the larger part of his limited means in his favorite pursuit. As a collector of books, the old gentleman was a regular "mouser;" nothing in the shape of printed page ever escaped his notice. Availing himself of his intimate relations as a pastor, he contrived to gain admission into the garrets of all the families of his flock and of the whole neighborhood. Garrets, cupboards, and chests—the receptacles of cast-off things—are often inaccessible through the housewifely pride of tidy dames and housekeepers, but they never could resist his advances. With what adroitness he would parry all excuses, with what apt flattery he would soften the obdurate heart of the *materfamilias*, with what happy tact he would lull the suspicions of that class who never value these "old things" until they see that they are valued by others, with what persistence he would press his point and ultimately gain access to the much-coveted deposit of "unconsidered trifles!" The ancient dames did often declare that there was "no use in trying to keep Doctor — out of garret or closet when he was after an old book or pamphlet." He was eager on the scent, yet knew full well the value of patient waiting; weeks, months, and even years might slip away, but he never lost the trail. Many a mile he walked or rode, many a time was obliged to double on the track, many a time was rebuffed; but the most diffident of men in all other matters, in the pursuit of books he had a cheek of brass and an impudence of asking that was heroic. It is not surprising, therefore, that at a time when there were but few collectors in American history, and when more of these old and valuable tracts were in existence than now, he should have been extremely successful. He gradually accumulated a collection—numbered by thousands of volumes—of sermons, discourses, almanacs, ballads, newspapers, etc., etc. A large proportion of these pamphlets could not have been obtained ten or fifteen years later, and perhaps can never be duplicated. It was in its day a wonderful library; and even now, when large private libraries begin to abound, and the value of books is so greatly enhanced, its importance, both in a pecuniary and scholarly point of view, has quadrupled. So when "Antiquaries' Hall" was founded, the good old man was made its librarian; of course his collection of books came with him, and was finally purchased by the society—yielding him an annuity quite sufficient for the simple wants

of his declining years, and passing at his death into the full possession of the institution. It was a pleasant arrangement this, by which the books which he had spent so great a portion of his life in collecting should thus repay his loving care by giving to his old age the little comforts which it needed. As they had filled for him the places of wife, children, and family in the spring and summer of his long and useful life, so now they became in a double sense ministering spirits to both body and mind in his "sere and yellow leaf." Oh! how the old librarian loved his books—each little tract had a history of its own. With what gusto he could tell you of the trouble, and the rebuffs, and the little incidents connected with its acquisition. How he loved to fight, "o'er and o'er again" the "Battle of the Books;" how at times he used to wander around the library, looking simply at the backs of the volumes as they stood in orderly rows upon the shelves—as if he could draw inspiration from the very sight and feel of the leather binding.

He had a valuable, and, perhaps, at that time the largest collection of Bibles in the country—noted editions, huge polyglots, all sizes, all languages, all sorts. His especial pride, however, was a superbly bound copy of the "Duke of Sussex's Bible," sent to him by the duke himself, with an autograph letter. I well remember with what a parade of affectionate care he was wont to exhibit this volume to a favored few; how, whisking out his large red silk handkerchief and carefully dusting off the table, he spread the handkerchief upon it. Then, with what appetizing importance of manner he proceeded to unlock the case, with what reverence he lifted the volume from its place and placed it upon the handkerchief, and with what glistening eyes of exultation he opened its sacred pages and turned them over—not allowing any hand but his own to touch them—while he expatiated upon its typographical beauties and its rarity. Another amusing instance of this excessive fastidiousness in the care of his books has been often related to me by my mother, who was once his pupil. While studying French under his tuition, and needing a Testament in that language as a text-book, the doctor kindly offered to loan her one of his copies (at that time French Testaments were not as easily procurable as now), stipulating, however, that it should receive the very best care, as it was of a choice edition, and that a messenger should be sent for it, to the parsonage, with a wheelbarrow. The offer was accepted, and the conditions—albeit with some girlish merriment—complied with; but the boy soon returned, saying that the doctor had sent him back with his compliments, and a request that a rose-blanket should be sent to him. Much wondering, the strange request was promptly acceded to, and in due time the messenger returned carefully wheeling before him in the barrow the promised French Testament, tenderly wrapped up in the rose-blanket!

"Antiquaries' Hall" was a rare and fitting shrine for such a character. Old portraits, old chairs and chests out of the Mayflower, Capt. Miles Standish's dinner-pot, Indian relics, worm-eaten manuscripts, old battle-flags, hacked, haggled, and rent, and scraps of ancient costume, were the appropriate surroundings of this old librarian, with his small-clothes and knee-buckles, and his white silk stockings or white top-boots with their silken tassels. And when, with inimitable grace, he took from its case the veritable cocked-hat of old Governor Turnbull and placed it upon his own venerable head, or made a courtly bow as he tucked it under his arm, saying, "Ladies, this is the way the governor wore this hat," one involuntarily looked up to the portraits on the wall to see which one of those ancient worthies had stepped out of the canvas and mingled again with the living. It was, truly, as exquisite a piece of acting as one could wish to see. The doctor was, indeed, a "gentleman of the old school;" he inherited his politeness from a line of Puritan divines, than whom there never existed a class of men more punctiliously observant and exacting of the respect due to themselves and to others. It was to him like his costume—a part and parcel of the past; and, moreover, it was the natural manifestation of his own unaffected simplicity and kindness of heart. He was learned in books, but he knew little of the world, and was unfitted for general

contact with its roughness and its heartlessness. This innocent gentleness of disposition detracted much even from his usefulness and efficiency in the pastoral office, and so Providence led him by the pleasant paths of literature into this more retired and gentle "cove," where, undisturbed and usefully employed, he might pass the remainder of his life. Here old age deepened insensibly the mellow shadows of life; death wooed him so gently that he knew it not; his memory failed, old friends could scarcely get from him their accustomed recognition; the current events of the day lost their interest, and became a blank to him; his beloved books alone were able to detain, and then only for a moment, his wandering thoughts. An assistant was procured for him, but the old man scarcely knew the change; when weather and strength permitted he tottered feebly to the hall, and took his accustomed seat, with a vain show of engaging in his usual duties. Many an hour would he sit thus, gazing wistfully and lovingly upon the books which surrounded him, and receiving with bewildered yet ceremonious manner the few visitors who tried to press their former acquaintance upon him. One day he sat down and, with trembling hand, commenced a letter to his brother, who had died some two years before. His assistant, observing it, reminded him that his brother was dead. He seemed surprised and grieved that he should have forgotten it. The next day, however, he sat down at his accustomed table, and commenced another letter to the same brother. He never finished it. I saw it when I last visited the hall, lying as he left it in his private drawer, with its "Dear brother,—I have —," and there it faltered out. The old man never sat again in his high-backed chair; never lovingly fingered his pet books; never bowed again with courtly grace to visitors. To him there came that hour when he must exchange the companionship of his treasured volumes for the contemplation of that great book of knowledge upon which mortal eyes rest not; that hour when all the past, which he so revered, must be merged and lost in the illimitable expansion of the eternal future. And, with a few friends ministering to his comfort, this Old Librarian passed gently away.

H. R. S.

REVIEWS.

A POPULAR PREACHER.*

THE many readers and admirers of Robertson's sermons will welcome this memoir of his life, so largely illustrated by his letters. It was the impressions of the man which lent so peculiar an interest to the sermons. For in them all were present the outspoken utterances of a manly, brave, loving, religious soul, who preached not the conventionalisms of his sect, or the traditions of his school, but the convictions of an earnest spirit, that had been baptized with Christian love. Each discourse seems to give a fresh insight into the character and spirit of the man, and, as we read one volume after another, we seem to be advancing in a personal knowledge of the writer. Few memoirs have been looked for with a more intense longing than this. All Mr. Robertson's admirers felt, somehow, the wish more completely to understand the man of whom they thought they knew so much already.

Many will be disappointed on reading these volumes. Some will be almost shocked on finding a story of so much conflict, depression, and distress. But no reader will be less interested than he expected to be. The story, though sad, has something dramatic in every part. Though much of the tragic pervades every scene and every revelation, there is a solemn and even sublime triumph at the issue. We respond with a hearty assent to the fine passage at the close of the memoir. We hear in it almost the clarion notes of welcome home,—the "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." "So lived, and so died, leaving behind him a great legacy of thought, a noble gentleman, a Christian minister. To the tenderness of a true woman he joined the strong will and the undaunted

courage of a true man. With an intellect at home in all the intricacies of modern thought he combined the simple spirit of a faithful follower of Christ. To daring speculation he united severe and practical labor among men. Living above the world, he did his work in the world. Ardently pursuing after liberty of thought, he never forgot the wise reticence of English conservatism. He preserved amid a fashionable town the old virtues of chivalry. In a very lonely and much-tried life he was never false or fearful. Dowered with great gifts of intellect, he was always humble; dowered with those gifts of the heart which are peculiarly perilous to their possessor, he never became their slave. He lived troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; always bearing about the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in the body. He died, giving up his spirit with his last words in faith and resignation to his Father."

It will not be easy for all the readers of this memoir to understand why Robertson's life should have been so largely a life of conflict. This cannot be done by any one who is not familiar with the interior workings of parties in the English Church as parties were ten years or more ago, and who has not learned to appreciate the power of conventionalism and caste in English society. It is quite incomprehensible to many Americans that a gifted and popular preacher like Robertson should have remained a vicar all his life, or, being a vicar, should have been subject to the caprice and self-will of a rector in every respect his inferior. Though we have an abundance of sects and a fair share of theological narrowness and sectarian jealousy, there is nothing on this side the water that quite equals the unreasoning and virulent antagonisms of parties in the Church of England, where ignorance of modern thinking and the proverbial one-sidedness of the English mind is joined to cathedral pomp, wealthy benefices, political intermeddling, and episcopal domination. One must have lived in England a long while to be able fully to appreciate what an offense to all that is respectable and even sacred it must have been for a popular minister of the Church to mingle freely with reputed Chartists in the years 1848 and '49, or to speak boldly in the pulpit of the rights of labor as against capital. One needs to project the life of Robertson upon the background of English society and the English Church to understand his struggles and to appreciate his heroism. A philosophical observer would say that neither could he be completely explained without noticing also the serious and inexcusable defects of the philosophical and theological training which are still allowed in the universities; as long as this preparation is so one-sided and narrow, it must necessarily follow that a bold and earnest inquirer after the foundations of his faith will find himself at sea among speculations with which he should have been made familiar by those who trained him for the sacred office, and appalled by critical difficulties which should have been fairly stated and fairly met by his teachers at the university.

But whether the reader is or is not able fully to understand the causes of Robertson's trials and conflicts, he cannot fail to appreciate in some degree the striking excellences of his character. Prominent among these was his courage. He was every inch a man. He had the heart as he had the aspirations of a soldier. Physically he had the spirit and coolness united which enable a man to dare anything, and still to measure and direct the force by which he dares. Morally he was frank and open, fearing no intimidation, but capable of being roused by constraint or threatening to a bolder assertion of the truth and of his own right to speak it. This gave a resonance and ring to all his utterances which inspired sympathy and confidence. The casual reader of his discourses, much more the constant hearer of them, must have been constantly impressed with the feeling, "This is a brave man." And yet there was in him not the least of bravado. He put on no airs of defiance or of defense, but, in a simple, direct way, spoke out the truth which he believed and could not but speak. He was not, however, regardless of the occasion. He never sought a quarrel. He did not court

* "Life and Letters of Frederick W. Robertson, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847-53." Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., late Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1865.

a storm. He did not seek or excite opposition for the sake of displaying his courage or of gaining notoriety. His manhood was too high and sincere. He would have despised nothing more than this. But when the occasion came for the assertion of courage, his courage rose with the demand for it.

His love for truth was, in one view, another side of his manly spirit; and yet it is possible that a man shall have great courage with no very impelling earnestness after speculative or theological truth. His very spirit, in asserting and defending what he believes, may predispose him to leave unconsidered whatever opposes his opinions, and hence to become a defiant dogmatist or an obstinate bigot. But it was not so with Robertson. Though he asserted by word and life whatever he believed, he was ever ready to revise and to change his opinions. This explains the several phases of his theological creed and his terrible conflicts with skepticism on being confronted with reasonings and thoughts which he had never considered before. This explains the constant progress and the freshness of his mind. Even old truths were freshened by being seen in new aspects, and he kept abreast of the opinions of his time by being always ready to listen to others.

His intense emotional nature was no less conspicuous than his courage and love of truth. No great soul can be torpid or cold. There must be the capacity for intense feeling if great deeds are to be done or eloquent words are to be spoken. Robertson had this intensity in full measure. Indeed, he seemed to have it in excess. It is painful to the reader to be the constant witness of his excited sensibility. It was this which destroyed him. His sensibility of feeling was also as many-sided as it was intense. For the beautiful and sublime in nature, for the achievements of art, for the excitements of adventure, for the heroic in daring, for coolness in danger, for tenderness in affection, for patience in suffering, for poetry, eloquence, and the drama, for beauty in woman and simplicity in childhood—he was sensitive, often to keenest suffering. But he was no weakling of emotion, no servile victim of his own feelings; least of all was he a histrionic conjuror or exhibitor of his own excited moods. He held his powers and himself in hand too entirely for this. Nor did he carry his sorrows abroad and intrude them upon his fellows. Among men he gave himself to the demands and relaxations of society with sufficient forgetfulness of his own exhausting griefs. To use one of his own expressions, he knew how "to consume his own smoke."

Closely allied to his sensitive emotional nature—if, indeed, it did not spring out of it—was his capacity for ready sympathy with all sorts of men. This was in him something extraordinary. It would seem that he could almost lose his personality in another character, even when that was imaginary. He could readily make the case of other men his own. This power had doubtless much to do with his success as a preacher and pastor. By it he could speak to the wants of those who felt that he understood them, as well as show himself a friend to the humble and the poor. This helped him to see the good side of every man and every system. This made him tolerant of everything but open and avowed depravity. "My misfortune or happiness," he says, "is power of sympathy. I can feel with the Brahmin, the Pantheist, the Stoic, the Platonist, the Transcendentalist, perhaps the Epicurean. . . . I can suffer with the Tractarian tenderly shrinking from the gulf blackening before him, as a frightened child runs back to its mother from the dark, afraid to be alone in the fearful loneliness; and I can also agonize with the infidel, recoiling from the cowardice and false veil of superstition." But sympathetic and tolerant men are often time-serving and compliant. But no man was less so than he. This suggests what in him was very striking, namely, his ethical nature.

There was something sublime in his faith in duty. His devotion to the right seemed never to falter. In the dark hour which came upon him when the flood of modern speculation and criticism was let loose upon his inquiring and ingenuous spirit, this faith and loyalty never forsook him. Speaking of such a case in a lecture to working-men he described his own experience: "In that fearful loneliness of spirit . . . I know but one way in which a man may

come forth from his agony scathless: it is by holding fast to those things which are certain still—the grand, simple landmarks of morality. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, this at least is certain. If there be no God, and no future state, yet, even then, it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward." This spirit gave him power over himself. In all the sharp trials of feeling to which he was called—trials from his proud and sensitive spirit, from his public duties, trials from his very popularity and success, as well as in the no less galling afflictions which came from the partisan and jealous hatreds of unreasoning religionists—he kept himself steady and true by this heroic faith in the plain and clear utterances of Christian duty. He did more than this, he learned at last to accept allegiance to duty in some form of sacrifice or suffering as his appointed allotment, and to live on a life of martyrdom with a cheerful spirit. It seems strange, but it was true, that this gifted soul, this popular and flattered preacher, this idol of one of England's most attractive watering-places, should have borne his cross so literally and yet so cheerfully—not the cross of the ascetic, whose cowardly penances he despised; not the cross of the noisy religionist, whose chatterings were his abomination; but the cross of lonely sorrow, which he kept to himself till it at last crushed out his life.

His religious spirit alone can explain this enigma. In his own heart he adored and loved the Christ of his faith. His attachment to the Redeemer had been most romantic and chivalrous if it were not at the same time so humble and reverent. His love for man, his sympathy for the sorrowing, his devotion to duty, were all in a sense centered in and inspired by his reverent love for Him "at whose name every knee shall bow." There is scarcely anything more sublime in modern history than the story of this popular preacher in the presence of an assembly of working-men, many of whom were determined not to hear him, scornful to take any advantage from his profession, conceding that the pulpit might at times be called "a coward's castle," and yet daring as a man to say before this scoffing crew: "I refuse to permit discussion this evening respecting the love a Christian man bears to his Redeemer—a love more delicate far than the love which was ever borne to sister, or the adoration with which he regards his God—a reverence more sacred than man ever bore to mother." This religious spirit kept him simple, humble, and true as he floundered through the dismal swamp of chaotic unrest, as he passed from one phase to another of theological opinion, as he was tempted by the intoxications of sensuous delight and the still more dangerous incense of flattering admirers, as his good name was assailed by mistaken and jealous religionists, and as he was vexed by the littleness and bigotry of blind ecclesiastics. It did more than this, for it held him quiet when the worst of all trials, to a strong and independent soul, brooded over and at last settled down upon him—the trial of the failure of mental power, and it helped him quietly to leave the scene of his earthly activities and his earthly triumphs. Verily, in these days of much preaching and loud pretension and noisy debate about religion, it is most refreshing to have to do with so religious, so Christian a soul! Even Mr. Carlyle, the Giant Grim of modern literature, might relax from his sardonic disbelief in the religious world that now is, and reluctantly confess that one Christian believer had wandered in among us modern chatters to remind us of what it once was to acknowledge Christ.

We confess, however, that our chief interest in Mr. Robertson is in him as a popular preacher. For some twelve years his printed discourses have been more generally read and admired among cultivated classes than those of any other modern divine. Indeed, they may be said to have almost revived the fashion, which had become well-nigh obsolete, of reading sermons at all. They have had a great deal to do with some of the fashions in modern preaching which have come into use of late. We are quite certain from what we occasionally hear in the pulpit that the preacher has read Robertson freely. We certainly have no objection to this, for we think a great deal

may be learned from his sermons by any preacher, especially in the way of correction by any preacher who aspires to be "a star," "a drawing preacher," "a preacher that men run after," or, to sum it in a word, a "sensation preacher." When we say this we do not mean to indorse all that Robertson teaches. What he believed or taught is one thing; the spirit and manner in which he held and taught it are quite another. It was, in our view, one of the great calamities of his life as a preacher that his mother-church provided for his culture in so step-motherly a way; that she gave him no adequate knowledge of the thoughts in philosophy, in criticism, in theology with which so many minds are now busied. So it happened that, when he tumbled out of his theological nest half-fledged, he was first a zealous and strict Evangelical, then just escaped being a sleek Tractarian, and soon after came as near sinking in the deep "Serbonian bog" of modern unbelief, "where armies whole have sunk," from whence he slowly came back to a better faith than before, albeit he had little time or study ever to mature a very coherent or satisfactory system of theological truth.

It is with Robertson the preacher, and not with Robertson the theologian, that we are concerned when we assert that from him our popular preachers might, in our view, take some profitable lessons.

Should the thought occur to any that this a matter with which *laics* have no concern, and least of all in such a purely literary journal as this, we beg leave to reply that, in our view, the laity have a most important concern with this matter, or, at least, they are forced to think so oftener than they like. To assert that such a paper as this ought to say nothing in respect to the spirit and aims of that class of public leaders and educators who, apart from their spiritual functions, do more than any other single class to form the opinions, mold the tastes, and inspire the actions of the entire community, is to assert what no man of sense will believe.

1. We notice that Robertson, though a popular preacher himself, was not at all ambitious of the position or of the reputation of holding it. He wrote thus: "If you knew how sick at heart I am with the whole work of parleyment, talker, palaver, or whatever else it is called; how lightly I hold the 'gift of the gab'; how grand and divine the realm of silence appears to me in comparison; how humiliated and degraded to the dust I have felt in perceiving myself quietly taken by gods and men for the popular preacher of a fashionable watering-place; how slight the power seems to me to be given by it of winning souls," etc., etc. Again: "Another Sunday done; crowded congregations, pulpit steps even full, ante-room nearly so. I sat in church, thinking 'Now, how this crowd would give many men pleasure, flatter their hearts with vanity, or fill them with honest joy.' How strange that it is given to one who cannot enjoy it, who takes no pains to keep it, who would gladly give it all up, and feels himself, in the midst of all, a homeless and heartless stranger." Some critics may think this was pride or a certain morbid humor. Let it be so; we think it would be for the health of the hearers if sundry of our preachers were more largely affected with this kind of disease.

2. Mr. Robertson uniformly preached his own thoughts, which thoughts he was impelled to utter. He did not aim after originality, as this term is understood by many of our preachers and hearers. He did not dive into the obscure and the over-refined in order to seem to be profound. Nor did he strain after the lofty and the daring that he might appear to soar. He did not aim to be especially philosophical, or logical, or recondite, or learned, or witty, or imaginative. But he thought earnestly, and thought independently, and thought with feeling. Hence there came to him many fresh and interesting thoughts which he uttered because he was impelled to express them, not because he measured or thought of the effect they would produce, least of all because he thought of the admiration or surprise which might follow for himself.

His thoughts were in the best sense his own, because they were his convictions. Some of them might have been formed in haste and upon insufficient grounds, but they were held by him with that moral interest, that strength of feeling and of faith, which

turns one's belief into a conviction. We use the word as meaning more than logical conclusions from premises—more than the dogmas of one's favorite school, or master, or author; more than the current notions of one's sect or clique; more than the type of opinion which rules for the hour; more than the fine-spun theories of an over-fond individuality—we mean those beliefs which are the outgrowth of one's honest and fervent faith.

3. It follows that Mr. Robertson was very little of a rhetorician, but very much of an orator. The superior gifts of voice, person, and address with which he was endowed were not perverted to the production of elaborate effects of manner or diction, but were employed by him in the legitimate uses of direct and simple speech. He believed, and therefore spoke, as a gifted man will speak, what he believed. It is greatly to his credit that he composed no elaborate and highly-wrought sermons, that he rarely composed any sermons, but, having mastered his argument and mustered his illustrations, he left his sentences to frame themselves upon his lips. Hence his sermons are so entirely free from any mannerism caught from any other preacher, or learned even from himself. By this means he was able to deliver himself from the almost inevitable mannerism of pulpit diction, as distinguished from dignified and earnest speech.

4. He was not a sectarian, nor a dogmatist, nor an egoist, nor a pulpit satirist, nor a pulpit buffoon. Though he conformed to and believed in the tenets and rights of his own branch of the Church, and even warmly preferred and defended them, yet it was plain enough that it was because of their better fitness, in his view, to sustain and further the Christian life, and for no other reason. His Church, or the Church, he valued for the Christ and Christianity which it served. He would have counted it treason to Christianity to measure or to value Christianity by the limits of his church or his sect. In this sense he was no sectarian.

He valued the truths of Christianity for their moral power. This gave them all their worth in his view. As deductions from premises, as elements of a system, as expressed in certain words or phrases of articles or confessions, or as mysterious symbols of magic efficacy in the service of a self-styled orthodoxy, he valued them but little, but rather saw in them the temptation and the instrument of anti-Christian Pharisaism. In this sense he was no dogmatist.

He was strikingly individual, but very little of an egoist. What he was in thought and feeling, in opinion and love, was insensibly impressed upon the high and the low, the cultivated and the rude, who heard him. It was a bright and sunny radiance diffused from himself to others, not gathered again into reflected images of himself by the mirror of his intense self-consciousness against himself.

Nor did he give undue prominence to his own chapel or his own congregation, his own society or his own Sunday-schools, or his own enterprises, thus binding his hearers to himself by one of the most egoistic and exclusive of sentiments, the blind admiration of a flattered congregation for the preacher who divides the homage of his worship between his Master and his own select and appreciating auditors. That such a man could not habitually satirize other churches, or other sects, or other preachers is self-evident. It is equally clear that he could not degrade himself to become the minister of a Sunday entertainment by any arts of clerical buffoonery.

5. He was in sympathy with the better social and political movements of the times, but he was not subservient to them. He did not sink the evangelist in the reformer. He did not let the politician swallow up or control the preacher of Christ. He never converted his pulpit into a political platform, or his chapel into a convention-room for the excitements and sensations of present elections, nor his sermons into programmes of policy for a party or an administration, nor himself into the convenient and lauded mouthpiece for a clique of political managers—even in the best of causes. The gospel itself, in its permanent forces and its spiritual ends, was held by him as a force and an interest of vastly higher value than any reforms which the gospel is working out. Though he held and preached his own views of the necessity

of such reforms in political and social relations, yet he ever left the impression that he cared more for the gospel than for this or that application of it, however intense his interest in such workings might be.

6. He was no demagogue, either within his own chapel, his own set, his own denomination, the Christian Church, or his own generation. He was too proud, too high-minded, too true, too honest, too religious to flatter the rich or the poor, the religious or the infidel world, with a view to lead their views or to win their admiration. He was too much of a Christian to practice such arts, too seriously impressed with the responsibilities of a popular preacher, and too much alive to the dangers to which popular preachers are exposed, to be betrayed into such weakness—we had almost said, such wickedness—as this.

It will perhaps be inferred from this enumeration of Robertson's excellences as a popular preacher that we desire it to be inferred that many of the popular and admired preachers of this country might correct certain tendencies of their own by the study of his example. We say very plainly this is precisely what we do intend. We would not detract in the least from their claims to the confidence and respect of the community for zeal and ability and religious earnestness. At the same time we are quite confident that the community itself would be immensely the gainers if the practical aims of the profession itself were adjusted to a higher intellectual and moral standard in the particulars specified than is enforced by the profession itself, or required by public sentiment. It is not given to every man to have that rare combination of endowments which fit one to be a popular and admired preacher. But it ought to be required of the gifted speaker that in the pulpit, at least, he should never pervert or dishonor these gifts by any arts which are not at least "manly arts." The golden mouth, which makes the orator, is one of the divinest of gifts. When it is consecrated to the service of the gospel it is worthily consecrated; but how is it soiled and desecrated when it speaks not merely the truth of Christ, but the vanity or the wrath, the selfishness or the vulgarity, the prejudices or the foibles, of the weak or ignoble soul? Every right-minded man should scorn such desecration, from the proprieties of taste, if not from the considerations of duty. If it is true, as has been said, that many preachers have been benefited by reading the sermons of Robertson, it is also true that not a few who are admired and courted might learn much in respect to the aims and standard of their profession by the inspiring and elevated example of his life.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"*Winifred Bertram, and the World She Lived In.*" By the Author of "*The Schönberg-Cotta Family*," "*Diary of Kitty Trevelyan*," etc. New York: M. W. Dodd, 506 Broadway. 1866.

This book is a misnomer, and rigidly defies classification. Had it been written in De Foe's day, its title would have been more elaborate. The publishers of that era would have probably placed it before the reading public with "displayed" captions, and in some such form as the following: "The History of Winifred Bertram, who grew to be an Angel, and of Grace Leigh, who was an Angel from her Birth-hour; with digressions introducing Sundry People, more or less discreet, all of whom in due time attained the fullness of Religious Knowledge. To which is added a Portraiture of True Charity, of the Poor Successful Man, and the Successful Poor Man, amply illuminated with appropriate Texts, and having A Whole Sermon introduced for the benefit of the devout reader." In other words, it belongs to that excellent but anomalous order of writings of which "Religious Courtship" is an exemplar; and is no more a true novel than are those admirable and scholarly works of Prof. Becker, "Charicles" and "Gallus," good classical romances.

Mrs. Charles is a keen hater of shams, and too true a Christian to rest quiet amid the hollow manifestations of religion and the spurious coinage of most of what now-a-days passes for piety. It apparently occurred to her that the best way to give weight to her indignation and to inculcate her own views of things in a tangible and attractive form would be to present

them under a thin film of fiction. The great success of the "*Schönberg-Cotta Family*," doubtless, strengthened her in this conviction. Accordingly, getting her ideas well in hand, and selecting her localities and characters with the single purpose of illustrating the practical workings of the system she desired to advocate, she resolutely bent herself to her new task. The result lies before us; and, as might have been anticipated from the artificialness of the process, is a decided and lamentable failure.

It is with sincere regret that we are obliged to give this verdict. So heartily in earnest is our authoress, so cheery and wholesome is her creed, and so vigorously has she set herself to its adequate development, that we could have desired for her labors a commensurate reward. There is no falling off in the beauty and elegance of her diction. In some respects, indeed, there is a manifest growth; and George Eliot, whom we regard as the greatest female novelist of the age, never exceeded the terseness and epigrammatic force of expression of some passages in "*Winifred Bertram*."

Nevertheless, the book is a manifest blunder. The very essence of fiction is its aspect of reality; and the highest imaginative writing is that which never falsifies probability, and in which the action grows naturally out of the subject. Everything ought to be made subsidiary to the plot, and if there be a purpose concealed under all it should be so deftly handled as to appear a spontaneous outcome of circumstances. Otherwise the writer is at once "suspect," the arguments are sharply challenged, and, as they never have the congruity or completeness of an essay, their flaws and logical deficiencies are quickly brought to light. To our mind, if it be necessary to combine the useful with the beautiful in this superabundant manner, the method which Lord Timothy Dexter adopted in the preparation of his celebrated work, "*The Pickle*," appears, on the whole, decidedly worthy of imitation. That distinguished citizen of Newburyport, having determined to present the world with something worthy of his great reputation, yet being well aware of his exceeding fondness for dashes, colons, exclamation points, and similar aids to rapid reading, most modestly printed his volume without any of those literary adjuncts, but at the close added a dozen pages filled from top to bottom with commas, semicolons, periods, etc., etc., remarking that so greatly at variance were scholars in regard to the proper use of punctuation points, he had preferred to collect them together in one place, that readers might pepper and-salt the treatise each to his own taste. Had Mrs. Charles pursued some such course as this, giving the story first, and then placing her speculations, her textual elucidations, and her admirable ideas respecting charity in an appendix, her success would have been far greater, although the appearance of the book in that case might have provoked comparison with the famous Spital sermon of Dr. Parr, the subject of Sydney Smith's celebrated *bon mot*.

Nor is the pertinacity with which our author enforces her doctrines and teaches the reader, by long conversations, by soliloquies, and by a sermon of ten pages, reported in full from the lips of the young curate, Rev. Mr. Bertram, the sole fault of her book. Beginning with false conceptions of the province of imaginative literature, she necessarily goes wrong in every direction. Her characters are mere lay-figures or mannikins, the only object of whose existence is to talk out or to exemplify a theory. They are, therefore, as unnatural as possible. For instance, Winnie Bertram has heard a story that peculiarly interests her about a little maimed chimney-sweep, called Dan, who finds a comfort amid his affliction in repeating the Lord's prayer. This sets Winnie's mind at work as follows:

"I suppose Dan really means, 'Give me my breakfast and my dinner to-day,' when he says that; and if he gets that he thinks his Father gives it to him. But, then," continued Winnie, falling into perplexities, "I wonder what he thinks when he doesn't get any. For little Fan says he doesn't always. I wonder if Dan ever feels puzzled and thinks his Father in heaven has forgotten him. I don't think he can, or he wouldn't go on saying it. Perhaps he thinks it will all be made up to him in heaven; that the things are being kept for him in some way there. But I do wish very much auntie would let me go and find out little Fan, and take Dan some nice things, if it were only that he mayn't get puzzled and not feel happy when he says, 'Our Father.' But one thing," concluded Winnie,

'I can certainly do. As it does seem so very plain about my daily bread, I will think of Dan and little Fan whenever I say 'Give us this day,' and perhaps God will attend more to us altogether.'

Miss Winnie achieved this bit of metaphysics at the age of seven! Grace Leigh, a beautiful but impossible character, who is twelve years old, hears some profound religious sentiment from an old Scotch lady:

"Grace was awed and silenced, and refrained from further consolation. As she looked at Mrs. Anderson's grave, worn, earnest face, and heard the deep, reverent tone in which she spoke, she felt there was a majesty in such unconditional submission, beside which all her struggles to find out reasons seemed the restless frettings of a baby."

Next to the absurdity of endowing children with such precocity of thought and feeling is the singular way the authoress has of making all the wrong characters right themselves in the sick chamber, or in some other manner peculiar to herself. Mr. Hunter, who insults his cousin, Mr. Leigh, all through the book, and, though quite wealthy and influential, never helps that worthy old curate to the preferment he deserved and needed, rubs off all his disagreeableness and selfish arrogance on the death-bed. So, also, Mrs. Dr. Dee is cured of her unpleasant eccentricities by sickness. Mrs. O'Brien has troubles in regard to the right method of helping the poor, and is put at ease by a half-hour's conversation with Lady Katharine; has, also, religious troubles, which one sermon from her son removes at once. Minna Denison, a heartless coquette, does what mischief she can for several chapters, and then in a single day, at a visit to Combe Monachorum, discovers the falsity of her life and straightway reforms. Many other similar instances might be given. Then, in order to prove that a fervent trust in Providence will always be rewarded, she places her characters in situations where, in ordinary life, they would be ruined past redemption, and, presently, unforeseen help appears and all is well. Of course, each personage is made to remark the significance of the dispensation.

There are yet more glaring faults than these. Mr. Hunter and Mr. Leigh are both buried on page 440, and shortly after, from page 463 to 467, they are both alive, the former still vigorously supercilious and the latter, as ever, humble and patient. Maurice Bertram is married to Grace Leigh, page 441, and presently, from page 453 to 476, he is a hopeless suitor to the same lady! These are neither of them proof-reader's blunders; nevertheless that gentleman also occasionally is guilty of oversight. Thus, on page 160, occurs the following luminous sentence: "And Grace awoke, and thought a long time over her dream, and was." Why she *was* is not told, for a new paragraph immediately succeeds. Again, on page 164: "Wretched, crowded villages on the coast, where those who still clung to the old country were left to struggle with starvation *year after*, while the sheep were grazing in their desolated glens." One or two other lapses might be pointed out, but we forbear.

And now, after all these exceptions, we are still glad the book was written. Indeed, the severity of our criticism is chiefly due to the unexpected revelations which the author here gives of indisputable power, causing a regret that it has been so unwisely wasted. She has a wonderful command of English in all its modulations, a marvelous poetical temperament, and a subtle sense of the beautiful, even in those prosaic forms of life which to the vulgar are uninteresting and disagreeable. A burning love for humanity, a faith in its possibilities, and a righteous scorn for that worst trait of our day—the apotheosis of success, pervades every page. The allegory of "the Expanding and Contracting Chamber" is one of the most exquisite things in modern literature. Her fine sense of art is also displayed in the use made in Grace Leigh's readings in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." The descriptions of the Lovels, of Mrs. Dr. Dee, and of Lady Katharine Wyse are superb—or, rather, they would be, did not the original error, upon which we have sufficiently animadverted, constantly intrude itself. Very admirable is Mrs. Treherne's mode of soothing Harry Leigh, who hates Latin and Greek with a school-boy's heartiness:

"The people were scattered on the face of the earth," she would say, as she wiped Harry's tear-stained face, and administered to him a consolatory orange or a

piece of cake, 'and made to speak different languages on purpose that they mightn't understand each other. And I say it's a cruel thing, Caleb Treherne, and an ungodly thing, to be torturing poor motherless lambs like Master Harry, just to undo what the Lord saw fit to do thousands of years ago.'

The portrait of Hunter, the successful man, and the account of the street encounter between his daughter Adela and the Misses Lovel, have points in them equal to Thackeray's best. We are even ready to allow that the many grave defects are chiefly due to the very earnestness and the largeness of the author's heart, and that, in spite of its inartistic arrangement, the book will be productive of great good. Yet, in closing, we cannot refrain from expressing a hope that now, since the lessons she wished to teach have been taught, and, as far as in her lies, young and old have been guided in a new and salutary direction, she will devote her next work to society alone, giving us real men and women, photographing the world as it is, and thus producing something worthy the genius which, if we mistake not, she possesses.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

THE January number of Messrs. Strahan's magazine, "The Argosy," is just published in this country. What success it is likely to meet with can only be conjectured; but its price, which is less than that of any American magazine of pretension, is in its favor. The illustrations, particularly the two full-page ones, are much better than any illustrations that ever appeared in an American monthly. Its literature does not strike us as at all remarkable, though it contains four chapters of Mr. Charles Reade's new novel, "Griffith Gaunt," prose papers by Mr. Alexander Smith, Mr. Arminius Vambéry, and Miss Frances Power Cobbe, besides two poems by Mr. Robert Buchanan, one of which we quoted a week or two since, and one by Miss Jean Ingelow, which we give below, though it seems to us hardly up to the standard of her volumes:

"SAND-MARTINS.

"I passed an inland cliff precipitate;
From tiny caves peeped many a sooty poll;
In each a mother-martin sat elate,
And of the news delivered her small soul.

"Fantastic chatter! hasty, glad, and gay,
Whereof the meaning was not ill to tell:
'Gossip, how wags the world with you to-day?'
'Gossip, the world wags well, the world wags well.'

"And listening, I was sure their little ones
Were in the bird-talk, and discourse was made
Concerning hot sea-flights and tropic suns,
For a clear sultriness the tune conveyed:

"And visions of the sky as of a cup
Hailing down light on pagan Pharaoh's sand:
And quivering air-waves trembling up and up,
And blank stone-faces marvelously bland:

"When should the young be fledged, and with them hie
Where costly day drops down in crimson light
(Fortunate countries of the fire-fly,
Swarm with blue diamonds all the sultry night,

"And the immortal moon takes turn with them);
When should they pass again by that red land
Where lovely mirage works a broidered hem
To fringe with phantom palms a robe of sand;

"When should they dip their breasts again and play
In slumberous azure pools clear as the air,
Where rosy-winged flamingoes fish all day,
Stalking amid the lotus blossoms fair;

"Then over podded tamarinds bear their flight,
While cassias feed the wind with spiceries:
And so betake them to a south sea-bight,
To gossip in the crowns of cocoa trees

"Whose roots are in the spray. O haply there
Some dawn—white-winged—they might chance to find
A frigate standing in to make more fair
The loneliness unaltered of mankind;

"A frigate come to water. Nuts would fall,
And nimble feet would climb the flower-flushed strand,
And northern talk would ring, and therewithal
The martins would desire the cool north land,

"And all would be as it had been before.
Again at eve there would be news to tell:
Who passed should hear them chant it o'er and o'er,
'Gossip, how wags the world?' 'Well, Gossip, well.'

MESSRS. STRAHAN & Co. have recently published "Lazarus, and other Poems," a volume of sacred verse, by E. H. Plumptre, M.A., whose admirable translation of Sophocles is winning "golden opinions" from the best English critics. Mr. Plumptre hardly ranks among the poets, despite the fidelity and beauty of his translations; but he has the poetic temperament, and the various mental and scholarly accomplishments which go to make up what we rather vaguely call culture. The best of the small pieces in his

volume is, perhaps, the solemn monologue entitled "Jesus Barabbas," the robber-chief who was released unto the Jews, at their earnest clamor, in the place of Christ. Excellent, likewise, is the translation of the earliest Christian hymn, from the Greek of Clement of Alexandria. It is as follows:

"Curb for the stubborn steed,
Making its will give heed;
Wing that directest right
The wild bird's wandering flight;
Helm for the ships that keep
Their pathway o'er the deep;
Shepherd of sheep that own
Their Master on the throne—
Stir up thy children meek
With guileless lips to speak,
In hymn and song, thy praise,
Guide of their infant ways.
O King of Saints, O Lord,
Mighty, all-conquering word:
Son of the highest God,
Wielding His Wisdom's rod
Our stay when cares annoy,
Giver of endless joy;
Of all our mortal race
Saviour, of boundless grace,
O Jesus, hear.

"Shepherd and Sower thou,
Now helm, and bridle now,
Wing for the heavenward flight
Of flock all pure and bright;
Fisher of men, the blest,
Out of the world's unrest,
Out of sin's troubled sea,
Taking us Lord to thee:
Out of the waves of strife
With bait of blissful life,
With choicest fish good store,
Drawing thy nets to shore—
Lead us, O Shepherd true,
Thy mystic sheep, we sue.
Lead us, O Holy Lord,
Who from thy sons dost ward,
With all-prevailing charm,
Peril, and curse, and harm;
O path where Christ has trod,
O way that leads to God,
O word, abiding aye,
O endless Light on high,
Mercy's fresh-springing blood,
Worker of all things good,
O glorious life of all
That on their Maker call,
Christ Jesus, hear.

"O Milk of Heaven, that prest
From full, o'erflowing breast
Of her, the mystic Bride,
Thy Wisdom hath supplied;
Thine infant children seek,
With baby lips all weak,
Filled with the Spirit's dew
From that dear bosom true,
Thy praises pure to sing,
Hymns meet for Thee, our King,
For Thee, the Christ;

"Our holy tribute this,
For wisdom, life, and bliss,
Singing in chorus meet,
Singing in concert sweet,
The Almighty Son.

"We, heirs of peace unpriced,
We who are born in Christ,
A people pure from stain,
Praise we our God again,
Lord of our Peace."

MR. A. D. F. RANDOLPH has just published a quarto edition of Mr. W. C. Prime's book, "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," which is the most attractive little volume that has come under our eye. It is embellished with photographs of a number of the master-pieces of Ary Scheffer, Mücke, Kohler, Titian, Albert Dürer, Delaroche, Kaulbach, Lafou, Benjamin West, and Lasnier. It is in fact a large paper edition in miniature, and will be highly prized as a fitting casket for the choicest gem of religious poetry that has ever been issued from the American press.

MESSRS. BUNCE & HUNTINGTON have in the press, and will speedily publish, a new novel from the pen of Mr. John Esten Cooke, whom the readers of American fiction may remember as the author of "The Virginia Comedians," "The Youth of Jefferson," and, less vividly, perhaps, through his poems in the magazines of ten or fifteen years ago. Mr. Cooke comes of a poetical family, being a brother of the late Philip Pendleton Cooke, whose "Florence Vane" has taken a permanent place in our literature. Like most of our south-side countrymen, he went with his native state, Virginia, when the rebellion broke out, and fought for her and the Confederate cause to the best of his ability, serving on the staff of General Stuart, of cavalry notoriety, in a position which brought him in daily contact with Generals Lee, Jackson, Ashby, and other Confederate celebrities, who figure, we believe, in the stirring scenes and wild adventures of his novel, whose title is "Surry of Eagle's Nest." That it

is written from a Southern point of view follows as a matter of course; but it does not follow from that circumstance that it is untruthful, or unhistorical, and, still less, that it should not be read and praised here as well as at the South—provided it be well written, as we predict it will be, from our remembrance of Mr. Cooke's earlier tales, which were graphic and picturesque, though a little too sketchy in design. We bespeak fair play for "Surry of Eagle's Nest," for which Mr Winslow Homer, we had nearly forgotten to say, has made a number of spirited illustrations.

A NOVEL case between two American publishing houses was lately argued before Judge Shipman, of the U. S. Circuit Court of the Southern District of New York. The parties were Messrs. Sheldon & Co., of this city, and Mr. H. O. Houghton, of the Riverside Press, and of the firm of Hurd & Houghton, and the bone of contention the "Household Edition" of the works of Charles Dickens, which was projected some five or six years ago by Mr. O. Wight, to whose taste and enterprise we owe the American edition of Montaigne, Pascal's "Letters," and other French classics originally published by the now defunct firm of Derby & Jackson, and the splendid edition of Bacon's works, published, we believe, by Messrs. Little & Brown. At the breaking out of the rebellion, which was such a severe shock to the book-trade in this country, the plates of the "Household" Dickens were in the hands of Messrs. W. A. Townsend & Co., from whom they passed to the late Mr. James G. Gregory, who disposed of them to Mr. Houghton, in whose possession they have since remained. On the 27th of December, 1861, an agreement was entered into between this gentleman and Messrs. Sheldon & Co., whereby he was to manufacture and they were to publish the aforesaid edition for the space of three years from that date, and thereafter until one party should give to the other a year's notice, in writing, signifying their wish to annul the contract. Such a notice was given to Messrs. Sheldon & Co. by Mr. Houghton on the 27th of December, 1864, which, of course, annulled the then existing contract on the 27th of December, 1865. The parties of the second part, as the lawyers say, resisted, and brought suit to establish a claim to a further continuance of the privilege of publishing, on the ground, as we understand the matter, that their four years' sale of the edition had given them a right to such a continuance—a kind of "good-will" in the premises which was, in some sort, a part-ownership in the stereotype plates. The cause was argued before Judge Shipman, who considered it carefully, and decided that Messrs. Sheldon & Co. had no such right or "good-will" as they claimed, which left Mr. Houghton, or Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, in full possession of their property, and at liberty to do what they please with it. Such, in brief, is the substance of this novel case, which ranks, we think, among the legal "Curiosities of Literature."

FOREIGN.

MR. SAMUEL SMILES, in his recently published "Lives of Boulton and Watt," relates the following anecdote of the former: "When Matthew Boulton entered into partnership with James Watt, he gave up the ormolu business in which he had before been principally engaged. He had been accustomed to supplying George the Third with articles of this manufacture, but ceased to wait upon the king for orders after embarking in his new enterprise. Some time after he appeared at the royal levee, and was at once recognized by the king. 'Ha! Boulton,' said he, 'it is long since we have seen you at court. Pray, what business are you now engaged in?' 'I am engaged, your majesty, in the production of a commodity which is the desire of kings.' 'And what is that? what is that?' asked the king. 'Power, your majesty,' replied Boulton, who proceeded to give a description of the great uses to which the steam-engine was capable of being applied."

M. LAMARTINE is said to receive forty thousand francs for his "Life of Byron," now in the course of publication in the columns of the *Constitutionnel*; and it is stated that the proprietors of the same journal have paid him thirty thousand francs for another work, entitled "Ma Mère," which has been in their hands for two years, with the understanding that it was not to appear till at least that time had elapsed. What this sentimental "begging-letter" writer does with his money is a mystery to honest people who pay their debts.

It is a little singular, while nearly all the great writers of the present century who have been gathered to their rest have been made the subjects of biographies of more or less value, that there should be no complete memoir of Shelley. There have been several installments towards such a work, as Hogg's wandering and unfinished "Life" in two volumes, Trelawney's unique book of reminiscences, and the "Shelley Memorials," edited by Lady

Shelley, but nothing that could be called a biography. That the materials for one are abundant these attempts prove, as well as sundry papers which have, from time to time, appeared in the English magazines. It is not more than two or three years since that Mr. Richard Garnett edited a volume of "Shelley Relics," that contained some poems and fragments of poems which were worth preservation, and which ought to be incorporated in his works. Such are the following lines, which bear the date of 1822:

"LINES.

"We meet not as we parted,
We feel more than all may see;
My bosom is heavy-hearted,
And thine full of doubt for me.
One moment has bound the free:

"That moment has gone for ever,
Like lightning that flashed and died,
Like a snow-flake upon the river,
Like a sunbeam upon the tide,
Which the dark shadows hide.

"That moment from time was singled
As the first of a life of pain;
The cup of its joy was mingled,
Delusion too sweet, though vain!
Too sweet to be mine again.

"Sweet lips could my heart have hidden
That its life was crushed by you;
Ye would not then have forbidden
The death which a heart so true
Sought in your briny dew.

"Methinks too little cost
For a moment so found, so lost!"

Better, because less cramp in its melody, and truer, it seems to us, to the finer qualities of Shelley's beautiful genius, is this graceful poem:

LINES

WRITTEN IN THE BAY OF LERICE.

"She left me at the silent time
When the moon had ceased to climb
The azure path of heaven's steep,
And, like an albatross asleep,
Balanced on her wings of light,
Hovered in the purple night,
Ere she sought her ocean nest
In the chambers of the west.
She left me, and I stayed alone,
Thinking over every tone,
Which, though silent to the ear,
The enchanted heart could hear,
Like notes which die when born, but still
Haunt the echoes of the hill;
And feeling ever—oh too much!
The soft vibration of her touch,
As if her gentle hand even now
Lightly trembled on her brow.
And thus, although she absent were,
Memory gave me all of her
That even Fancy dares to claim:
Her presence had made weak and tame
All passions, and I lived alone
In the time which is our own;
The past and future were forgot,
As they had been, and would be, not;
But soon, the guardian angel gone,
The demon reassumed his throne
In my faint heart. I dare not speak
My thoughts; but thus disturbed and weak
I sat, and saw the vessels glide
Over the ocean, bright and wide,
Like spirit-winged charlotts sent
O'er some serenest element,
For ministrations strange and far,
As if to some Elysian star,
Sailed for drink to medicine
Such sweet and bitter pain as mine.
And the winds that winged their flight
From the land came fresh and light;
And the scent of winged flowers,
And the coolness of the hours
Of dew, and sweet warmth left by day,
Were scattered o'er the twinkling bay,
And the fisher with his lamp
And spear, above the low rocks damp
Crept, and struck the fish which came
To worship the delusive flame.
Too happy they, whose pleasure sought
Extinguishes all sense and thought
Of the regret that pleasure leaves,
Destroying life alone, not peace!"

The last couplet seems a little corrupt. We should prefer to read;

"Of the regret when pleasures cease,
Destroying life alone, not peace."

THE authenticity of the celebrated "Paston Letters," which was questioned by Mr. Herman Merivale in an early number of the "Fortnightly Review," was lately proved, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, by the exhibition of a portion of the originals, and the reading of a paper on the subject by Mr. John Bruce. The whole of the letters in the fifth volume of the series, together with nearly two hundred and fifty more which have never been edited, were exhibited, having turned up

since the publication of Mr. Merivale's paper, in the possession of Mr. P. H. Frere, of Dugate, Cambridge shire, a son of Sergeant Frere, the editor of the fifth volume. The proceedings of the society and its guests on the occasion were interesting, but hardly enough so for American readers to justify us in giving a detailed account of them. Suffice it to say, then, that even Mr. Merivale himself was satisfied of the genuineness of the letters, which must henceforth be regarded as historical documents, the authority of which, on certain matters, can no longer be questioned. The originals of the first four volumes are still missing, and it is doubtful, we think, if they are ever found.

MR. PHILIP STANHOPE WORSLEY, who, a year or two since, published a translation of the "Odyssey" in the Spenserian stanza, has lately appeared with a version of the first half of the "Iliad" in the same measure, and, if we may judge by the specimens we have seen of it, he is not the least successful of the recent translators of Homer. The touching passage in which Priam invites Helen to witness the combat between her husband and her paramour is very happily rendered:

"Then Priam called her: 'Sit near me, dear child,
And thy once husband, kindred, friends survey.
Thee hold I guiltless, but the gods, less mild,
Scourge me with war when I am old and gray.
Now tell me this large warrior's name, I pray,
This so majestic in his port and mien;
Others yet taller I beheld to-day,
But none till now so beautiful, I ween,
So estimable and grave, so king-like, have I seen.'

"Helen, divine of women, answering, saith:
'Father, thy gray hairs speak with awful power.
O that for dear life I had chosen death,
When with thy son I left my bridal bower,
My child, and sweet companions! but the hour
Passed, and I wait for ever. Thou dost see
Lord Agamemnon, Atreus' son, the flower
Of kings, and a strong warrior. This is he
Who was my husband's brother, unless I dream. Ah me!'"

The concluding lines in the address of Sarpedon to Glaucus—a test passage with Mr. Mathew Arnold, who quotes, in his "Lectures on Translating Homer," the renderings of Chapman, Pope, and Mr. Newman, all of whom have failed, he thinks—is thus given:

"O my beloved, if through endless years,
This war once over, we could rest and thrive,
Ageless and deathless, without pain or tears,
Neither would I go first myself to strive
In arms, nor thee to glorious battle drive:
But now that myriad deaths about us wait,
Whence none by flight can save his soul alive,
And all men upon earth must yield to fate—
Forward till one smite us, or we on him rise great!"

Excellent turned, too, is this stanza, which contains three or four lines from the speech of Achilles to Ulysses in the Ninth Book:

"For oxen and fat sheep abide their price,
And lost may be redeemed in spoil again;
And tripods may be had not once nor twice,
And high-bred horses with their golden mane.
But man's life, when it flies, no power can chain,
And in the spoils of war 'tis nowhere found,
Nor hunters in the field that prize obtain,
When naked to the night that hems it round
Once from the teeth it slips, and is beyond the bound."

The merits of Mr. Worsley's Spenserian translation are thus summed up in a late number of the *Athenæum*: "No version published in the present century seems to us at all comparable to his; and those who feel, as we feel ourselves, that it is an advantage to have great classical works retranslated from time to time in the best manner of particular periods of literature, will read him, as we have read him, with great and real delight."

MR. P. T. BARNUM, showman, is the subject of a first-rate notice in the last number of the *Athenæum*, which commences thus: "'The Humbugs of the World by the greatest Humbug in the World!' Here is a promising title-page. Here is at last the right man in the right place. We have long been expecting the advent of the true author, the coming man for whom so many generations of readers and critics have sighed, who should write on the subject which he really understood. Coleridge said that the dullest man might make an interesting book if he would give his own experience, and disclose the secrets of his own heart. That saying might be taken as a prophecy of Barnum. For when we opened his book and saw the first page, 'Humbugs of the World: I. Personal Reminiscences,' we felt that the secrets of Barnum were about to be revealed. The absence of table of contents and index kept up the illusion. It was not till we had gone some way into the volume that we found its real significance. Instead of revealing the secrets of his vocation, Barnum is pursuing his vocation. He has humbugged us again. The book is a mere compilation by an American hack, put together carelessly, and filled up without order or consistency

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'The Barnums of the World, by A. Humbug, Esq.,' would be a fitter title for it, as it is not confined to humbugs in the strict sense of the term, and it is *not* by Barnum."

M. LOUIS HUART, the chief editor of *Charivari*, the French *Punch*, has just died. He was best known as the writer of the clever sketches of life in Paris which appeared in *Charivari* some years since.

M. LAMARTINE, of whoever has written for him his *feuilleton* "Life of Byron," in the *Constitutionnel*, blunders a little in chronology when he says, "The tombs of great poets inspire great passions. It was at Tasso's tomb that Petrarch, during his first absence, cherished his regretful remembrances of Laura." Hardly, M. Lamartine, since Petrarch died in 1374, and Tasso published the first edition of the "Gierusalemme Liberata" in 1581! Apropos of lives of Byron, a Mr. Wright is said to have compiled Moore's well-known "Memoir."

THE novels, "The Semi-detached House" and "The Semi-attached Couple," were not written by the Hon. Eleanor Eden, as we noted a week or two since, in a correction of our announcement of the death of Lady Lewis, but by her aunt, the Hon. Emily Eden, who resided with her brother, the late Lord Auckland, when he was governor-general of India.

AMONG the libraries recently sold in London was that of the late Rev. Samuel Prince, which contained, among other rarities, a copy of the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Regained," with MS. corrections in Milton's handwriting. So, at least, the catalogue of the sale declared; but, considering that Milton had been blind about twenty years when "Paradise Regained" appeared, the corrections in question could not have been very important nor very authentic. The price realized by the volume, £3 17s., was ridiculously low for a genuine scrap of Milton's penmanship, but quite enough for a modern forgery of it. The late Dawson Turner, by the way, had a number of Milton's curiosities, which were doubtful, or rather were *not* doubtful, to those who knew anything of old handwriting, ink, etc. Perhaps the Prince volume came from his collection.

AMONG other bits of amusing gossip in Lord Lennox's "Drafts on My Memory" are two instances of expensive dinners: "Three gamblers, who, after winning a large sum, had reduced it to a thousand francs, determined to spend that amount upon one dinner, and spoke to Borel upon the subject. . . . The prices of expensive dishes were discussed, but none appeared extravagant, when all of a sudden an idea flashed across the mind of one of the party, which was to have a dish of frogs. As the time of year at which the dinner was held was the month of December, the intensity of the frost had closed every pond, and, in order to get the frogs, it was necessary to employ at least fifty workmen to break up the ice. The result was that a hundred frogs cost five hundred francs, and a soup was made of them which none of the party tasted.

"The other instance occurred in London. A party at White's were discussing how much a dinner could be made to cost, when it was agreed that each should order a dish, and whoever selected the most expensive one should dine for nothing. Alvanley came off victorious, having desired the cook to introduce a fricassee of that part of the fowl called the oyster, which, to make a dish, required at least a hundred fowls, at a cost of four shillings each."

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS is said to be making a collection of Southern war-poems. We hope he will meet with more success than Mr. Frank Moore, whose little volume of "Rebel Rhymes and Rhapsodies" is very dreary reading.

Mr. Charles G. Halpin, of the *Citizen*, better known perhaps as "Miles O'Reilly," is about to publish a new volume, entitled "Scribblings of a Year."

Mr. Edward A. Pollard, formerly editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, and the author of a "Southern History of the Rebellion," proposes to write a new and more exhaustive history, entitled "The Lost Cause," for which he is now taking subscriptions through the South.

M. Benli the perpetual secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts of France, is engaged upon a "History of Roman Art," the materials of which for the republican period were collected by him some fifteen years since. Having finished that, he is about to return to Rome to complete his studies on the imperial epoch.

M. Joseph Victor Le Clerc, dean of the faculty of letters of the University of Paris, has just died at the age of seventy-six. He commenced life as a school

teacher, succeeded M. Villemain as professor of rhetoric in the Lycée Charlamagne of Paris, afterwards replaced his master, Laplace, in the chair of Latin eloquence at the University, and in 1832 became dean of the faculty of letters, as above mentioned. His last and most notable work was the "History of Newspapers amongst the Romans;" his other productions were an "Eloge de Montaigne," "La Chrestomathie Grecque," the "Pensées de Platon," and a complete edition of the works of Cicero.

M. Martin, the dramatist, has been allowed a pension of fifteen hundred francs from the private purse of the Emperor Napoleon. The dramatic authors of France have presented an address to the Emperor at Paris.

The family of Proudhon have been notified by the French Freemasons that their body would dispose of a sum of seventy thousand francs in his favor. A French publisher has also offered thirty-five thousand francs for the copyright of his works for eight years.

Julius Rodenberg has lately published at Berlin a new novel, entitled "The Second Deluge," which is partly founded on the "Journal of my Life during the French Revolution," by Grace Dalrymple Elliot, who is its heroine. An English translation, by Mr. O. H. Keane, will soon appear.

Professor Gabriel de Stefano, one of the first Italian philologists, died recently at Naples, of cholera.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MESSRS. HURD & HOUGHTON announce "Mildred's Wedding: A Family History," by the author of "Kiddle-a-Wink."

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have in the press "Beethoven's Letters," collected and arranged by Dr. Nohl, and translated by Lady Wallace.

Messrs. Harper Brothers will soon publish the sixth and final volume of Carlyle's "Frederick the Great;" "Memoir of Judge Pettigru," by William T. Grayson; and "Mothers and Daughters," a novel, by the late Mrs. Gaskell.

Sheldon & Co. have in press a poem, entitled "Grindalla: A Romance," written by a cousin of the wife of the late Senator Douglas.

Mr. J. H. Newman has in the press "A Letter to the Rev. E. B. Pusey, D.D., on his recent Irenica."

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is about to publish a new work entitled "The Lost Tales of Miletus."

Capt. Mayne Reid has nearly ready a new novel called "The Headless Horseman."

From Munsell's press we have "The Life of Rev. George Whitefield," by D. A. Harsha, M.A., uniform with the same author's lives of Doddridge and Hervey, and, like them, privately printed. The edition of this life is fifty copies, "of which thirty-five are for presentation." The work itself, containing sixty-five pages, has nothing new, being simply a pleasantly written resumé of previous biographies on the same subject.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE Maretzek company have been playing of late at Baltimore and Washington with good success, a round of old operas being the standard attraction and "L'Africana" the novelty. The cast is the same as when played in New York, with the exception of the substitution of Bosisio for Ortolani in the part of *Inez*.

GRAU's company has been alternating between Chicago and St. Louis and Louisville, but will soon leave the West for Havana. It is generally supposed that his enterprise has not as yet proved a pecuniary success.

THE Max Strakosch troupe is also in the West, and, without making much pretension, seems to be quietly doing a fair business. Ghioni is the prima donna, and Errani and Maccaferri the tenors.

A GERMAN opera company—an enterprise of Mr. Grover's—is giving opera at St. Louis and thereabouts. "Faust" has been the main attraction, with Canissa as Margaret, Tamaro as Faust, and Herrmanns as *Mephistopheles*.

THE boy-choir system is constantly spreading. It has just been adopted at the Church of the Holy Trinity (Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr.), and will go into operation in a few weeks. Several other city churches contemplate a similar change.

THE musical public will be glad to hear that the Steinways have resolved to build a large music hall on their property between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets. It will be furnished with the largest organ in this city and

will thus be available for oratorio music. It is expected that it will be opened in October or November of 1866; and among the earliest entertainments to be offered will be a choral festival, like that given last winter at Trinity Church.

AN American tenor, Mr. Pierre Bernard, has been singing in "Trovatore" in Cincinnati, and, if we may judge from the newspaper reports, he has made a good success. He is said to have a clear, powerful voice, resonant and well-cultivated.

PAREPA has been singing in Boston and Hartford in oratorio, for which class of music her powerful voice and large style is well suited. Such a singer was needed at the recent Christmas performance of the "Messiah" in this city.

GOTTSCALK gave a concert at Callao on the 25th of November. He played a number of the favorite pieces in his *répertoire*, and introduced a fantasia on the national airs of Peru. His success was, as usual, enthusiastic.

"ROBERTO DEVEREUX," one of Donizetti's operas not usually deemed a success, has been revived at Alessandria.

AN opera by Lucilla, entitled "L'Epoë delle Asturie," has met with good success at Bologna, maintaining its place even after the colossal triumph achieved in that city by "L'Africana."

NOTWITHSTANDING the cholera, there have been lately a number of operatic representations at Ancona. "Ione" is the latest production.

A NEW opera called "Bice Alighieri," by one Alessandro Sala, has been received with favor at Verona. The principal features of the music are a romanza for the tenor, and cavatina for soprano, in the first act; a duet for soprano and tenor, and an aria for baritone, with chorus, in the second; a duet for soprano and baritone, and charming airs for tenor and bass, in the third; and an exquisite trio in the fourth.

CORDIER, after singing for a while at La Scala, Milan, is in that city awaiting an engagement.

ADELINA PATTI has received from the Queen of Portugal a present of a necklace formed of golden rings.

AT Vienna, "L'Africaine" will be sung by two entire distinct companies of singers, who will perform in it on alternate nights.

THE tenor, Tiberini, has concluded an engagement at Trieste with a benefit, at which he sang, among other things, a duet of Rossini's with Ronconi.

MEYERBEER's "L'Africaine" has already been produced at Paris, London, New York, Berlin, Antwerp, Brussels, Darmstadt, Nuremberg, and Bologna, and is in preparation in all the chief cities of Europe.

THE new tenor, Tom Hohler, who is the son of an English clergyman, has been engaged for the Covent Garden theater, London.

THE baritone, Gnone, who made no success in this country, is now doing very well in Italy.

BAGIER, the manager of the Italian opera at Paris, has formally denied a report that he had called all his artists together and informed them that he could not carry on the season unless they reduced their prices.

THE next new opera at Paris will be the "Bride of Abydos" at the Theatre Lyrique—an opera by Barthe, in which Mme. Mihan Carvalho will take the leading part.

A NEW singer, named Frederica Jakowicka, is engaged for the Italian opera, Paris. She is a Polish lady.

THE opera to be produced at the opening of the new opera house in Paris will be written for the occasion by Verdi. The subject is "King Lear," and the libretto is written by Méry.

THE London *Orchestra*, in one of a series of articles on the church music in different London choirs, thus speaks of that in St. George's, Hanover Square, the scene of so many fashionable weddings:

"On entering the church, after having passed the magnificent beadle at the door, whose gorgeous costume contrasts strongly with the seedy pew-openers within, the visitor will still find the monstrous pulpit and reading desk, the latter having in addition to its ecclesiastic furniture a live though not lively clerk; and if the visitor's thumb and finger be suggestively inserted in his waistcoat pocket, he will be dimly ushered to a seat in a high-backed pew, and will receive an obeisance proportioned to the value of his gratuity. He will hear the prayers preached, the Psalms read *à due voci* by priest and clerk, accompanied by an indistinct grumble from the congregation *à bas*, and a more prominent squeaking from the charity children *à haut*; the Litany done after the manner of the Psalms; the Communion Service in similar style. Two or three drowsy psalm tunes, with two or three drowsy chants—how came these to be introduced?—and a sermon more drowsy than either, complete divine service, as provided by the reverend the rector for the saving edification of his flock."

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1866.

COPIES of No. 12 of THE ROUND TABLE (New Series) are desired at the office of publication, No. 132 Nassau Street. Twenty cents a copy will be paid for this number.

THIS issue of THE ROUND TABLE begins a New Volume. For the many pleasant circumstances which attend its commencement no small share of thanks belongs to the large circle of friends who have lent their kindly aid. We cannot let this New Year's number pass without recognizing the unnumbered favors bestowed upon our enterprise by the press throughout the country. Especially have the book publishers extended their cordial support. And most of all, appreciative readers from all the States of the Union have been added to our subscription-lists, until verily a goodly company gathers week by week around our TABLE. We hail the New Year with its cheering prospects, and can but hope that the intercourse which we have had with our readers in the past will be a true index of pleasant acquaintance in the future. Our purpose and plans have been already stated. These lines are simply the bow of greeting upon the threshold of a New Volume and a New Year.

OUR RELIGIOUS WEEKLIES.

A SOMEWHAT celebrated infidel was wont to say that he was at times tempted to espouse the Christian faith that he might show its followers how superlatively grand a cause they had to defend. Looking at it from an intellectual stand-point, simply, he felt that it would be a luxury indeed to magnify the strength of a belief that was built around, on almost every side, with such an insuperable wall of argument. We doubt not that many another, watching from some stronghold of unbelief the progress of evangelical religion, has been astonished at the almost imbecile support which its followers give to so mighty and majestic a cause. As true religion is higher in its aspirations and deeper in its foundations than aught else, it would seem that whatever or whoever essays its advocacy should rise to a dignity in some measure proportionate to the subject. If a clergyman, his pulpit should leave no shadow of secularity; if an instructor, the teachings should partake of the sublimity of the theme; and if an editor, it should be his unceasing care that no blackening trail of the world's hates, and avarice, and wickedness should invade his columns. The pulpit should be as much more dignified than the rostrum as the heavens are more imperial than the thrones of earth. And especially should a journal, going forth under the motto of Christ-love, and professing to be the expounder of the faith that is eternal, be lifted high above the artifice and trickery of a press whose only ambition is to glorify the interests of ships and of shops. But how is it? Have we not a pulpit that is befitting a pure religion? In part we have. And have not some of the best men in the land reflected the luster of the cross in heathen countries? Undoubtedly. Is there not, likewise, a worthy religious press? To this we answer unequivocally, though with real sorrow, that there is not. It is but simple truth that the avowed religious journals of the country, especially those which are sent forth from this city, are a disgrace to the secular character which they bear, and doubly so to the sacred cause which they profess.

It is a sad fact, indeed, that the interests of religion should be weakened by an instrumentality which ought to be their strength and support. Can it be a matter of wonder that the people are led to patron-

ize Sunday editions of the dailies when they discover so little difference between them and the religious journals? They look to see a paper in which every sentiment expressed shall be elevated, and where the sublimity of Christian faith shall be made the inspiring idea throughout. And when, instead, harsh spites, diluted homilies, purchased puffs, and disgusting advertisements comprise the pabulum doled out, is it at all surprising that the cause of pure Christianity suffers? Are they to be found fault with who, loving things holy and sacred, and desiring above all thing else the increasing power of true religion, shall protest against such a lowering of the standard just where it should first be elevated? If the publishers and editors of such journals do little or nothing for the cause which they pretend, and doubtless desire, to advocate, surely the secular press must not be blamed if it hold in disrepute their undignified prostitution of an unlimited means of usefulness. We say this not that we would join the cry against religious journals on the part of those who are unwilling that the good should succeed at all, but because we love the cause which these journals essay to represent, and because above all things else we would see it gloriously triumph.

In this present article it is not our design to look beyond two instances in proof of what has been said. We have selected the most notable—the New York *Observer* and the *Independent*. And if any reader imagines that we speak of their shortcomings with pleasure, or with any desire for notoriety, that reader is quite at fault. The *Observer*, in its issue for the last week, gave the strongest possible proof of the truth of our complaints, in language that would more become a sporting paper than a weekly religious journal. That our readers may see how low this sheet has descended, we have reproduced the article in question entire in another column. There is no need of comment. It speaks too shamefully for itself. We need hardly say that for ourselves it can matter not at all. But it is for the great class of people in the country who have planted their faith on Christian love and purity that we express sorrow and shame that the editors of a professedly-religious journal should so bedraggle their skirts in the dirt of simple personal abuse. We are unwilling to think that gentlemen occupying so high and sacred positions should thus descend from their lofty calling, except in a moment of thoughtlessness and anger. But, unfortunately, this is not the first instance where this journal has departed from the dignity and propriety which belong to every class of Christian effort. Its notices of books and its editorial columns have too often savored of advertisements and unmeaning puffs, even to a greater extent than almost any other weekly. Beyond this the general character of its writing is weak and insipid, and altogether unworthy the sublime cause it seeks to advance. We are unwilling to believe that there are no better writers or thinkers on Christian topics than those whose commonplaces make unpardonably stupid the columns of the *Observer*. We cannot wonder that its publishers enter the field with all the trumpeting and clap-trap prize offers which some of the sensation weeklies employ to secure subscribers.

The *Independent* is surely not so stupid in a literary point of view as the *Observer*. But we cannot conceive what right or title it has to the name of a religious paper. A religious article in its columns is an accident, while politics, insurance companies, sewing-machines, and almost anything and everything but the pure Christian religion, receive ample attention. We cannot believe that gentlemen like the publisher and editor of the *Independent* would willingly or knowingly so secularize a professed religious journal. Only a few weeks since a prominent column in their paper contained a most astounding puff of a jeweler's enterprise on Broadway. Is the good cause to be thus sacrificed to cupidity? Is this the high calling of a press that aims to reflect holy and sacred things? We ask the publisher if he calls it pure religion and undefiled to make such a mockery of things solemn? By mockery we mean placing at the head of the paper this motto: "But as we were allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak, not as pleasing men, but God, which trieth our hearts," and then giving so much space to every imaginable human enterprise, with little discrimina-

tion as to its character. We ask the editor, who surely would not care to be associated with an openly irreligious enterprise, if he is not lending a helping hand to the lowering of the Christian standard. We had thought to take up a copy of the paper and by analysis show just how many columns are given to purely religious matters, and how many to puffs and advertisements and worldly schemes generally. But this must suffice for the present. We have said what we sincerely believe, and what we think will reflect the sentiment of Christian people in all parts of the land.

We are glad to say that there are religious journals in this and other cities to which all that we have said does not apply. We have selected prominent examples, and have spoken what we believe to be the truth concerning them. But, at the same time, we mean our application to be general. The religious papers of the country do not represent their cause so ably as do the secular papers theirs. And there seems to be an increasing tendency with them to lower their standard, either for popularity or pecuniary reward. It is this that we deplore, and against which we shall not cease to lift our voice so long as the evil remains.

THE WANTS OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE Legislature which met at Albany on Tuesday has a chance to do the metropolis a lasting service if its members are possessed of any wisdom and honesty, and if the lobby be not permitted to control its action. As the democratic party has an unprecedentedly small representation in that body, the responsibility of the legislation will rest upon its opponents. One-sided legislative bodies are usually very corrupt, but we hope better things of the New York state Legislature for 1866. Among the measures imperatively demanded by this city are:

I. The passage of a metropolitan health bill which will place the sanitary care of the city in the hands of a commission that will clean and keep clean the streets, purify the tenement-houses and back alleys, and prepare the metropolis for the cholera, which is sure to come with the warm weather. The inefficiency and corruption of the departments to which these matters now belong are appalling, and the only sure remedy is to abolish the departments at a single stroke.

II. We want a complete, radical, and immediate change in the mode of administering civil justice in this city. It is notorious that for years past the criminal classes—with the exception of a few noted offenders—go unwhipped of justice in our minor courts. Once before the Court of Sessions or of Oyer and Terminer there is some chance that justice will be done, and proper punishment meted out; but the scandal rests with our police courts and the district-attorney's office. Our police justices, as a class, are about as ignorant a set of fellows as ever held official positions. Elected by the people, they are the choice of the rumsellers and scamps upon whom they are sure to sit in judgment. These officials should be appointed by the mayor, with authority to remove them for cause. The district-attorney's office also should be thoroughly overhauled, and the discretion now allowed him of bringing cases to trial or not be withheld from him. This power is sure to be abused, no matter who holds the office. The district-attorney, moreover, should be restricted by special enactment from doing any other law business than that which properly appertains to his official position. A very curious anomaly has grown up by practice, by which the district-attorney is allowed to have for his clients the very persons whom it is his sworn duty to see punished; and we believe it to be no uncommon thing for those who fear a criminal indictment to retain this official as a counsel in their case. There is no need to recapitulate instances. They are familiar to the whole bar. The criminal business of this great city requires all the time of the district-attorney, and even if it did not, he should not be allowed to give his professional services to those whom it may be his duty to prosecute.

III. We want the city charter amended so as to restore to the office of mayor at least some of the power which attached to it several years since, and of which it was shorn during the time that it was filled by Fernando Wood. Excepting this person, the character

of our mayors has been above that of the other members of the city government, and it is both safe and desirable to intrust them with a larger measure of power than they now have. Under the present charter the mayor is little else than an ornament, a mere figure-head to the municipal ship. From Mayor Hoffman's antecedents there is every reason to believe that he will prove an efficient and honest executive, and a legislature opposed to him politically would display both wisdom and magnanimity in conferring upon him all the power which he needs to competently discharge the duties of his office.

IV. Another needed reform is the election of the aldermen and councilmen by a general ticket instead of by districts. Previous to the adoption of the present state constitution, when members of the assembly were elected by a general ticket, men of far better character were sent to the legislature than those who have since been chosen under the single district system. The same principle holds true in this city. Such a pack of vagabonds as are sent to our common council yearly it would be hard to match outside of the state prison. The population of New York is so peculiarly distributed as to render it almost impossible to obtain competent representatives chosen by the districts which they represent. For example, Benjamin Wood, lottery dealer and gambler, represents the entire business part of the city in the state senate, whereas, were the property-holders in that section alone to vote, he would have been rejected unanimously; but they reside up-town or in the suburbs, and he was elected by emigrant-runners, porterhouse keepers, and the rabble generally, who compose the majority of the residents in his district.

V. The legislature should also take into consideration the propriety of consolidating New York and Brooklyn into one great metropolis. Their interests are so closely interwoven as to be identical. Brooklyn is in fact our other side of the Thames. We believe that such a consolidation would result in a better administration of municipal affairs and a greater degree of public spirit than now prevails. One step towards attaining this desirable end would be to authorize the construction of a bridge across the East River, large enough to accommodate not only pedestrians and vehicles, but a steam railroad. This, together with a steam railroad connecting the extremes of Manhattan Island, would attract residents to the city, and tend to scatter the population which now overcrowds certain portions of the metropolis. We commend these topics to the careful consideration of the state Legislature, in full confidence that the views herein advanced have the approval of the intelligent portion of this community.

WHAT WILL THE NEGROES DO?

THE holiday season at the South has been marked by a certain degree of apprehension among the white population lest there would be an outbreak among the negroes. All accounts from that section, public and private, agreed in representing that the negroes firmly believed that the holidays would not pass without a general division among themselves of the lands of their late masters. This delusion may seem strange to us who have grown up with a clear knowledge of the rights of property as distinguished from those of person. We have been taught by tradition and education that, while we have a perfect right to dispose of ourselves as we please, we have no right to interfere with property held by others. But the education of the slave has been very different. He and the land he worked upon were regarded as the property of his master, and, when set free, it was natural for him to feel that, having obtained the right to free action, he had also the right to earn a livelihood upon the land which he had tilled. In fact, the position of the freedman is, in many respects, analogous to that of the discoverer of a new country. Liberty he has, but he wants the means by which to gain a living, and this a rude instinct tells him must be obtained from the soil which he had cultivated as a slave. There is no inherent depravity in obeying this instinct; it is not the mere possession of the land that the negro desires, but the opportunity to work it for his own benefit. We were not among those who anticipated any serious trouble at the South of the nature

specified. Yet it must be remembered that nearly every change from serfdom to freedom that history records has been accompanied by a recognition of the right of the former serf to the ground which he had previously tilled. This was the case in England and France when villains became free, and this is the policy pursued by the Russian government in dealing with the twenty million newly made freedmen under its control. It will be noticed, therefore, that this impression which is attributed to the negroes is in accord with the feelings of other races that, in times gone by, have passed from a condition of vassalage to one of freedom.

Of course, it is not the policy of the southern states to allow their former slaves to acquire homesteads of their own. It will be advantageous for the Russian Empire to convert those who were lately serfs into free landholders, but so peculiar is the labor in the South, owing to the peculiar conditions under which its great staples are raised, that the legislation of that section will naturally be directed to preventing the negroes from securing land and compelling them to work, as in former times, as laborers on large plantations. This is in accordance with the theory and traditions of the white inhabitants of that portion of the Union. They hold that if the possession of land by the negroes be made easy, either through the operation of confiscation laws or by the direct gift of the government, or if the freedmen are allowed to purchase real estate by their labor, the entire plantation system will be broken up, and the result will be a falling-off in the production of cotton, tobacco, rice, and sugar, upon which the South has always relied for support. The negro, on the other hand, but obeys an instinct of nature in desiring to own his homestead, if nothing more. As a slave there was no possibility of his gratifying this instinct, and hence no chance of collision with the whites; but as a freedman the opportunity to satisfy this innate desire becomes so tempting that he may strive to improve it until repeated failures teach him that all such attempts are futile.

We are no alarmists. The negroes in this country have shown themselves to be a peaceful people; yet it will not be surprising if the next two years fill the South with confusion and, perhaps, with bloodshed, owing to the deeply-rooted desire of the colored population to possess a portion of the soil. It is evident from the character of the laws introduced in the legislatures of nearly all the Southern States that it is intended that the negroes shall not obtain possession of land, but that they shall be compelled to retain their old status as laborers on the large plantations. The material interests of the North (which, in this respect, are in union with those of the South) will give this policy countenance, and hence the negro must relinquish his dream of a homestead of his own. That he will relinquish this without a hard struggle is not probable. It may be urged that he never rose in a state of slavery; that he did not assert the rights of manhood during the great rebellion. This is very true, and to this extent he acted as have all other enslaved races that figure in history. An oppressed race has never indulged in violent outbreaks until its condition was improved and gave promise of further improvement. The serfs of the middle ages were very willing laborers until the time that a better position in the social scale was accorded to them. Careful students of history long since discerned this fact. The lesson of history is that now, if ever, is the time for apprehension of demands for increased liberty by the negroes in this country. The horrors of San Domingo did not occur immediately after the abolition of slavery, but upon the attempt to re-enslave the freedmen or to inflict upon them a forced labor system such as South Carolina to-day is trying to force upon her freedmen. And what is true of South Carolina applies in general to the other southern states. Thus far every southern legislature has had under consideration vagrant laws and measures for forced labor, their object being to compel the negroes to work. In this connection it is worthy of notice that while slavery, as an industrial system, has proved a success, if estimated by the quantity of tobacco, sugar, cotton, and rice produced by it, all systems involving a compromise between it and absolute freedom have proved

total failures. Yet, unmindful of the experience of the past, the southern states seem bent upon a policy which, if persisted in, will lead to violence, social chaos, and, perhaps, the eventual annihilation of the negro race on this continent. Let one drop of blood be shed, and we need only recall the recent experience of Jamaica to predict the fate of the negro in the South. Upon the mere suspicion of a possible outbreak, the English authorities went to work deliberately murdering right and left with a cold-blooded atrocity that has no parallel. Nor will the negroes in the southern states fare any better at the hands of the southern whites in the event of a collision between the two. The Anglo-Saxon race, in its dealings with inferior races, is more cruel, brutal, and implacable than any other race known to history. Bright as the future may seem, it behooves us to consider all possible contingencies and make our calculations accordingly.

NEWSPAPER REPORTS.

THERE are laws against obscene publications, and from time to time we learn that the police have seized an edition and arrested a dealer. It is to be presumed, too, that most parents and guardians would commit to the flames any works of that class if they found them in the hands of their children, and would chastise to the utmost of their ability, either legally or physically, any person who dared to send them to their houses. Yet for several weeks past every morning paper, except one, has introduced into the families that take them the immoral and disgusting details of a divorce suit—and we hear of no cry of outraged decency, of no indignant protest, of no paper stopped. What is to be thought of this? Is all decency conventional in this community? Is there no fixed standard of right and wrong? Are we certain of nothing except of dollars and cents and of the paramount duty of paying a note at maturity? Or is it owing to that sad lack of individuality in this country that no one dares to speak or even to make up his mind until a public meeting has been held and resolutions passed? It is certainly a very melancholy state of things. It would puzzle any one to determine in what degree editors who publish such matter for the perusal of their subscribers differ from the compilers of the immoral essays seized by the police; or from that still more pernicious class of social wolves who, under the friendly clothing of doctors, send by mail in close wrapper, on receipt of fifty cents, their treatises, illustrated with two hundred colored plates, to prurient men and women all over the country. All these have one and the same object: to sell their wares and earn a living.

Newspaper men will, without doubt, as on previous occasions, add to their sin by hypocrisy, and put forth the flimsy pretence that they are doing morals good service by tearing off that fig-leaf of decency with which the worst people try to cover their indecent practices. It is well, they will say, for the young and inexperienced to know how horrible vice is in order that they may avoid it. Then why not do the thing thoroughly, and devote a column daily to exposing the filthy orgies of harlots, and another to the horrible revelations which hospitals afford of the diseases that follow like avengers on the track of the sinner? All such excuses add to the contempt they deserve. We need no poet to tell us that familiarity with the details of that particular vice leads the young and inexperienced rather to "practice" than to abhor. The Countess of Dorchester said to a lady who rose when she took a seat beside her, "Madam, gallantry is not catching." It may not be always contagious, but it is infectious; and there is no way in which the moral poison can be more surely disseminated than by the circulation of newspapers infected by the reports of this divorce suit. They have such trials in England. Lately there has been a most notorious one: the Broadwood St. Albans case; doubly interesting to the English because a duke was concerned in it. But only one paper in London, and that one too profligate to be admitted into any respectable family, published the details. Certainly the contrast is not flattering New York.

SKETCHES OF THE PUBLISHERS.

IN accordance with a plan long contemplated, with the first number of THE ROUND TABLE for the New Year is presented the first of a series of historical sketches of the leading publishing houses of the country. The matter has been in preparation for several months, and has been compiled with the utmost care both as to accuracy and completeness. The numbers will be given from week to week until the literary history of the country shall be pretty thoroughly exhausted.

To a person of any literary taste whatever there is always a charm attaching to the publisher of books. There is a certain mystical awe pertaining to him which nothing but very great familiarity can dissolve. We think of him as sitting in judgment over so many productions of supposed genius, at times in the most delightful intimacy with men whose wit or wisdom has made the world to wonder. We dream of a little back office, piled high with rare old books and superb editions, with cosy corners for the half-hour lounges of irreverent scribblers. We can imagine how charming it must be to sit and listen to the genial discourse of men whose fates are hanging upon the success or failure of some new literary venture. Then there is the dispute over the title-page—whether this line or that looks the best. At last the dedication and preface excite a sharp difference of opinion. And most important of all, “how will the binding look?” Verily, a mysterious being is the publisher, who can make a man famous or infamous by a touch too much on the back of the cover; by an unfortunate omission from a preface, or a sudden transformation of the title to suit his pecunious eyes! How many silent queries, too, are feelingly addressed to the publisher by the author who trembles for the pecuniary success of his volume. “Will it take?” “How is it going?” “When will the edition be exhausted?” These are some of the inquiries which become familiar to the occupant of the little back office with its cosy corners.

The main purpose of these articles is to trace the growth of book-publishing in this country. In doing this, many brief personal sketches will be involved, and incidents of authors will be interwoven where they can add interest to the record. It certainly can hardly fail of affording entertainment to readers of books, as they shall be carried back to volumes, the titles and subject-matter of which long ago passed from their memory. Old firms, too, will be noticed, although they may have been dissolved years ago. To complement the whole, sketches will follow of the leading printing, stereotyping, and engraving houses, as these severally have a very important place in the general history of book-publishing. Altogether, we trust that this effort, requiring, as it does, so much of reportorial and statistical labor, will prove to have a permanent value.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

This great publishing house—the oldest in this city as well as the largest of its kind in the world—was established, in 1817, by the two senior partners, James and John Harper. Their grandfather, James, a native of Ipswich, England, came to this country near the middle of the last century, and settled at Newtown, L. I., where his probity and, for that day, excellent education soon rendered him very acceptable to his neighbors, who gave him ample employment as schoolmaster, clerk, etc., in the performance of which duties, and the cultivation of his farm, he passed his life—removing in his later years to the village of Brooklyn. Their father, Joseph, was a builder, and, with the exception of a few years' residence in New York, while his boys were learning their trade and becoming established in business, spent the most of his life upon his farm in Newtown, where he died at an advanced age. James Harper, generally known as “the colonel,” and the eldest of the four brothers, served his apprenticeship with Abm. Paul & Thomas, who then carried on the printing business on the corner of Burling Slip and Water Street. John, the second brother, learned his trade, first, of Pray & Bowen, at their office in Jay Street, Brooklyn; and, afterwards, with Jonathan Seymour, then the leading printer of the day, and a most excellent man, whose place of business was in

John Street, one door from William Street. In 1817, having earned a small capital by overwork during their apprenticeship, the two brothers commenced business on their own account, under the name of “J. & J. Harper,” occupying the second floor of a little two-story house on the southwest corner of Dover and Front Streets. Here they set up two old-fashioned Rammadge presses, and commenced to print for publishers. Their first employer was Mr. Evert Duyckinck, a leading publisher of that day, to whom, on the 5th of August, they delivered an edition of 2,000 copies of “Seneca's Morals;” on the 3d of December, 2,500 copies of “Mair's Introduction to Latin;” and, on the 7th of April, 1818, 500 copies of Locke's “Essay on the Human Understanding.” These were the first productions of the now world-renowned firm of Harper & Brothers. Gradually, as their means increased, they furnished the paper for, and took an occasional “venture” in, the works which they printed for others—at times even publishing a book on their own account. Their business soon compelled them to seek larger quarters in Fulton Street, near Broadway; and, in 1823, Joseph Wesley Harper, who had served his apprenticeship with his brothers, and had arrived at his majority, became a partner in the establishment. In 1825 the firm removed to the premises then known as 230 Pearl Street, over Collins's book-store, whence, after a few years, they removed to Cliff Street, where they purchased two buildings, Nos. 81 and 82, and entered more largely into the publication of books. At this time their printing-office, employing 50 persons and 10 hand-presses, was the largest in the city; and, in 1826, Fletcher Harper, then aged 20 years, and who had been serving his apprenticeship in the house since his tenth year, became a member of the firm, which thereafter adopted the style of “Harper & Brothers.” In 1837 they employed 24 hand-presses and 30 persons—each press doing only one-seventh of that now performed by a single Adams power-press—but, as the public demand increased beyond their facilities for supplying it, they promptly availed themselves of every mechanical improvement which might enable them to meet that demand. As early as 1830 they had commenced to stereotype their works, and their stereotype plates, which were stored away in fire-proof vaults for subsequent use, had accumulated, prior to the destruction of their building by fire in December, 1853, to the value of half a million dollars. In 1848 they undertook, at the suggestion of Mr. J. A. Adams, the publication of his “Illustrated Family Bible,” and, in the course of its preparation, certain exigencies were developed which led to the invention by Mr. Adams and his brother, Colonel Isaac Adams, of Boston, of the six-roller press, which was first put into operation in the Messrs. Harper's establishment. This Bible, which was published in numbers, was the best specimen of the typographical art which had then been produced in this country. The beauty of its press-work and illustrations surpassed public expectation, and 50,000 numbers, which were rapidly sold at 25 cents apiece, dispelled the doubts which many had not unreasonably entertained as to whether such an enterprise could be made artistically successful or pecuniarily remunerative. It was soon followed by “Harpers' Illustrated Shakespeare,” and “Lossing's Field-Book of the Revolution,” works of exceeding beauty, and whose appearance marked the beginning of that rapid and surprising improvement of the public taste, as well as of the book-making art, in America. In June, 1849, the Messrs. Harper commenced the publication of their “New Monthly Magazine,” which is too widely known to need any description or encomium. It was successful from the outset. 7,500 copies of the initial number were printed, and within six months the number had reached 50,000. Its average annual circulation up to the present time, including all the numbers from the first, has been over 110,000, or fully twenty and a quarter millions of copies in all.

The next enterprise was the commencement of a monthly series of “Story Books,” the first number of which appeared in December, 1854, and was followed by 35 others, nearly all from the pen of Rev. Dr. Abbott, and forming a series unsurpassed for beauty of execution and adaptation to the wants of children,

The firm at this time were occupying, with the various departments of stereotyping, printing, binding, and publishing, nine five-story buildings in Cliff and Pearl Streets, and employing 600 persons, besides the large number who had a literary connection, more or less intimate, with them. Thirty-three Adams presses of the largest and best description were kept in constant operation, 12 of which were, for a part of the time, worked by night as well as day, upon the “Magazine;” and 4 had just been added for the new monthly series of “Story Books,” of which 20,000 copies had been printed. Each of these presses averaged nearly 6,000 impressions, or 190,000 16mo pages, a day; and 16 of the number had been especially constructed for printing wood-cuts, giving employment to 10 of the best workmen in the country, exclusively engaged in the preparation of the illustrated forms of the “Magazine” and other pictorial publications. Forty compositors, in two departments and under two foremen (a large portion of the type-setting being done by stereotypers in various parts of the city), were kept constantly employed. Twenty stereotypers turned off an average of 120 pages a day, and a department was organized for applying the then newly discovered process of electrotyping to the production of casts of all their engravings and most valuable books. Their bindery occupied four buildings on Cliff Street, and the central part of four on Pearl Street, giving employment to more than 250 persons, 150 of whom were females. The works which bore their imprint numbered over 1,500, classified as follows:

	Works.	Vols.	Original.	Reprints.
History and Biography.....	329	585	158	171
Travel and Adventure.....	130	187	73	57
Theology and Religion.....	120	167	68	52
Educational.....	156	165	124	32
Art, Science, and Medicine.....	96	110	46	50
Dictionaries and Gazetteers.....	28	34	23	5
General Literature.....	690	750	230	460
Totals.....	1,549	2,028	722	827

Such was the splendid establishment, with its large collection of machinery, its complete arrangements for applying the perfected methods of art in all its branches to the production of books, which the Harper Brothers had earned by their thirty-five years of united and honorable labors in this wide field of public usefulness and private enterprise. But, on the 10th of December, 1853, a fire suddenly broke out upon the premises, which, in three hours, utterly destroyed the buildings, machinery, and the entire stock of books, valued in the aggregate at over a million of dollars. Their stereotype plates, however, which were stored in vaults under the street, were nearly all preserved; and the indomitable energy of the firm was not even staggered by this sudden calamity; for the next day they hired temporary premises, and scarcely a week had elapsed before the best presses and binderies in the country, from Boston to Cincinnati, were employed in renewing their vast stock of books. Meanwhile, taking up temporary quarters at No. 82 Beekman Street, they awaited the erection of the new and magnificent buildings which they now occupy, and of which they took possession in the early part of 1855. These buildings, on the site of the former establishment, occupy a somewhat irregular plot of ground extending through from Franklin Square, in Pearl Street, to Cliff Street, with a front on each of about 120 feet, and a depth from street to street of about 170, covering in all nearly half an acre. The Cliff Street building, which is the manufactory, is of brick, rising six stories above-ground, with a basement below; the Franklin Square building, which contains the offices and warerooms, is five stories high, with an entire iron front, of great architectural beauty, the side and rear walls being of stone and iron, and the foundation extending nearly 30 feet below the surface of the street. The essential features of these buildings are to be found in their interior construction, more especially in the adaptation of iron to the support of the floors. A burnt child, it is said, is generally afraid of the fire, and the Messrs. Harper, in the construction of this building, were evidently determined to take every possible precaution against their old arch-enemy—fire. Fire-proof to a degree which seems absolute, and strong to an extent which provoked from the United States

engineers, who examined the edifice when finished, a remark that "but one mistake had been made—there being twice the strength required," these buildings are a marvel of scientific skill and mechanical perfection, both in themselves and in their adaptation to the peculiar uses for which they were constructed. Their cost was \$325,000.

The establishment of Harper & Brothers is not only the largest of its kind in the world—that of Brockhaus, at Leipzig, ranking next—but it differs from that, as well as all others, in the fact that it combines under one roof all the processes of labor requisite for the production of books in their completed form. Commencing at the basement of the Cliff Street building, the visitor sees first the steam engines which furnish the motive power for all the machinery of this immense establishment, and the presses upon which the *Weekly* is printed. These are three Taylor cylinder-presses, all working at once upon the same pages, triplicate casts being provided, and each press throwing off twelve hundred sheets per hour, and two of Hoe's lightning-presses, which work five thousand sheets per hour, printing the regular edition of one side of the *Weekly* in about twenty-four hours—the three cylinder-presses being at work meanwhile upon the other side. Ascending to the second floor, he finds himself in the main press-room. On this and the first floor there are thirty-five Adams presses, each capable of working six thousand sixteen-page sheets in a day; and of these presses eight are always running on the "Magazine," and twice as many in certain parts of the month. That eminent publisher, Mr. William Chambers, of Edinburgh, while on a visit to America, some years since, first saw the Adams presses at work in the Messrs. Harper's establishment; and, perceiving their superiority over any European press, bought several for his own use, which proved the initial step to their extensive introduction into Europe. On the third floor the printed sheets are pressed and dried; on the fourth they are folded (by machinery) and gathered; on the fifth they are sewed. The sixth floor is the bindery, where the finished books are clothed in all imaginable styles, from the simple paper cover or the modest cloth to the richest and costliest morocco and calf bindings. On the seventh floor are the composing and electrotyping departments. Crossing now to the Franklin Square building the visitor finds its entire second floor occupied as a ware-room, and including the office of the proprietors, the counting-room, desks for cashier, book-keepers, clerks, etc., the walls being covered with bins and cases containing the various publications of the firm. The upper stories are devoted to the use of the editors, artists, and engravers of the establishment; and the greater portion of the remaining space in this vast edifice is used for stock rooms—filled with bins ranging from floor to ceiling, and filled mainly with the printed sheets and unbound copies of various books. Of these bins there are some six thousand, disposed in avenues and streets, and rendered accessible by means of a directory, showing the exact location of any sheet or book required. In the vaults of the establishment, also, are stowed nearly one million of pages of electrotype and stereotype plates, and probably one hundred thousand wood-cuts, any one of which can be found at a moment's notice by means of a register.

In 1857 the Messrs. Harper commenced the publication of the *Weekly*, an illustrated newspaper of the highest order of artistic and literary merit, which now has a circulation of over 100,000 copies. The main portion of their business, however, consists in the publication of books. Their latest catalogue embraces 2,119 separate works, comprising more than 3,000 volumes, about equally divided between originals and reprints. It would be impossible to venture anything approximating to a reliable estimate of the number of volumes issued by Harper & Brothers since the foundation of their establishment. The great fire which destroyed their buildings, also deprived them of their books and records, so that they are themselves unable, and, probably, never will be able, to preserve even the titles of the numerous volumes which they had printed or published prior to 1853. But we do know that millions of volumes of the best books of all ages have issued from their presses to every corner of our widely extended country, and have become part of the intellectual life and

activity of our people. Their immense and unusual facilities for the manufacture of books have enabled them to sell at prices which has given them ready access to the largest possible market; and no inconsiderable portion of the book-trade of the United States has been thus supplied by their house. And it is gratifying to know that, among these millions of volumes which they have thus scattered broadcast during nearly half a century of united brotherly labor, the Messrs. Harper have no cause to blush for the character or the influence of their publications. Every extensive publisher, however careful he may be, is liable at times to be deceived in the character of works presented to his notice for the purpose of publication; but, as far as we know, Harper & Brothers have never willingly allowed their imprint to appear on a single volume which offended the cause of religion or morality.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

Boston, Dec. 30, 1865.

A YANKEE-born, liberally educated, and thus acquainted with the history of words, more or less—no small gain to a poet, practicing the art occasionally, and so acquiring a certain mastery of the vocabulary—finding, years ago, an insertion for some of his pieces in a magazine edited with such care as "Putnam's" was, but yet producing nothing that was more than reflexive of his favorites, but, even then, manifesting a love of the sea and its lessons—Henry Howard Brownell was found at the beginning of the rebellion one of the myriads of the obscure. He went into the war, as thousands did, with blood boiling at the jeopardy of a nation, and with affiliations strongly marked for the rooting out of political irritants. By what agencies it does not import, his choice was the sea, and his fortune to be with Farragut in his most splendid achievements. With the admiral he seems to have established personal relations of friendship, and to have been a member of his staff; and impressed, as others have been, with the qualities of the man as well as with those of the officer:

"O'er books and men, in quiet chat,
With the great Admiral I sat
Watching the lovely cannon-clouds;
And I their beauty praised; but he,
The grand old sailor, strong and mild—
Of head a sage, in heart a child—
Sighed for the wreck that still must be."

His mind, comparing his poems occasioned by the war with previous ones, seems to have grown stalwart by the contact of arms, and to have developed in tendencies of which there was little token before. He completely overrode his old æsthetic sense with rough-shod power. Incidents that struck him in recitals of others were turned into verse, vigorous, if not nicely accordant with established rules. The noble fight of the *Cumberland* in Hampton Roads drew from him some lines that prefigured his later and better pieces. Comparing them with Longfellow's on the same theme, they show a lack of finish beside the most exquisite master of it in our day, but they are more dramatic, and the introduction of the old navy heroes, as spectators of the scene, comes in with effect. The news of that memorable contest was still fresh when he went into the "River Fight" with Farragut, and made the passage of the forts and fleet below New Orleans. Here he had actual experiences of war in its grimmest and sublimest aspects. The way in which he was to reproduce it seems to have been pondered over for nearly two years. Following its final completion, and in the early part of 1864, a volume of his poems was published under a modest title in New York. It was hailed by a hand not lavish of praise ordinarily, in the "North American Review," in terms of very high praise, who pronounced his "River Fight" the finest war-lyric since Dryden's "Agincourt," and to do this passed over Campbell and Scott, not to name others. A few months later he passed up through the fire of the Mobile forts, and was on the *Hartford* in her encounter with the *Tennessee*. Goethe tells us how he could absent himself in mind when he accompanied the army into France, and devote himself to some irrelevant matter while the cry of battle was ringing. Our sailor-poet is made of quite different stuff; he goes into the fight pencil in hand, but his study is that around him. He absolutely, under the fire of Fort Powell, jotted down some of the memoranda of his subsequently assimilated verse. The new poem of the "Bay Fight," embraced in a second edition of his previous venture, drew further strains of praise from Dr. Holmes in the "Atlantic," in the spring of the present year, who gave to him pre-eminence as

"our Battle-Laureate." Following this, he gave in his adherence where so many of our poets were already registered, and but the other day Ticknor & Fields brought out a completer collection of his poems than the previous imprint had covered; and, almost coincident with its publication, one of our ripest scholars, in an address which had for its aim to point out the inutility of classical training at this day for the fitting of men to become the most serviceable to their fellows, referred rapturously to the new poet. "If the time shall ever come," said Dr. Jacob Bigelow, before the Institute of Technology, "when classical readers shall tire at the monotonous championship of Trojans, Greeks, and Rutulians, they will kindle with wonder over that miracle of romance and reality, the 'Bay Fight of Mobile,' by Henry Howard Brownell." It is not easy to say how well merited such praise as that is. It was Mr. Brownell's fortune to see a naval encounter under absolutely a new order of things. That he could reflect old sensations, such as had already secured for themselves a literary existence, his early poems demonstrate. Under the new condition he broke his old moorings, and drifted in the front of the tide. Therein he was the seer as well as the maker. But it is not plain that this new spokesmanship, as he filled it, may have acquired no small share of its honor from the conditions surrounding it. It may be said that all who aspired to be poets shared it, and that he maintains pre-eminence. His experiences were more fertile than others, and he had the advantage of witnessing what he was to describe, and, as the conditions were novel, this was of paramount importance. In arraying an established order of things this might be different. Campbell did not witness the attack at Copenhagen, but Nelson's method of fighting had been England's for centuries, and its concomitants, personal daring and detail of maneuvers, were ingrained in the thought and literature of his country long before he penned his "Battle of the Baltic." It had run so long in the blood that, like many ancestral traits, it found in him an utterance at once meet, graceful, vivid, and just—the type of birth-right. So I can but think that Mr. Brownell's verse is, after all, merely tentative, and that we are not sufficiently familiarized by long usage with our new methods of warfare to understand their highest artistic development. Manifest symptoms of crudity in these poems there certainly are. The rhyme, often felicitous, is sometimes merely necessitous; he affects, with a kind of literary prudery, the olden form of "agen" for the rhyme's sake, when the ordinary spelling rightfully covers it by the same pronunciation (a fact Mr. Longfellow, by the way, is much disinclined to remember), and though his best poems are comparatively free from it, even in those that have no other symptom of the comic he not unfrequently indulges in words and phrases that I cannot bring myself to believe can be established artistically. He lacks, too, in the graduating husbandry of effects. His use of "hell" borders, sometimes, on the ludicrous, and he often really makes the comparison so cheap that there is nothing left for the climax. Yet, for all that, what would we give if his grand old admiral could figure to him adequately for his graphic display the way in which Porter fought the *Essex* fifty years ago; or that we had had a Brownell among our grandfathers to have seen Lawrence on the *Chesapeake* or Hall on the *Constitution*!

A very different kind of a volume is Mr. Calvert's new collection of poems, recently issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. It is as opposite in poetic tendencies as well can be. In Mr. Brownell the valiant Time pulses for utterance; with the other—none the less hearty in his patriotism, as his stanzas to Anderson and some pointed declarations in prose have shown—there is the repose of a scholar; and excepting the brief lines above referred to and a few others drawn from him at the opening of the war, there is no token of the great historical epoch through which we have just passed. The way his æsthetic sense has received it is well illustrated by his completing an old drama on Arnold's treason, and giving it to the press two years ago, as apposite to struggle for dominance with the greater treason of our day. The scenes of the present, which glimmered so fitfully upon Brownell's sight, as they have upon so many others, were reflected for him upon the dim curtain of the past. It is not the live heroism of to-day that fires him, but the dead majesty of Washington. His reverence for him is like the fear of the dreaded name of Demogorgon; and, in the prevailing spirit of his drama, he is heard of but not heard throughout it. Brownell could hardly have printed such a poem as that which chronicles the remarkable salute that a British frigate thundered before Mount Vernon as she was retiring from the work of devastation that the English troops perfected at the capital in the war of 1812, without summoning the peaceful vision of the sacred spot so rigorously honored amid the fury of an intestine and internecine strife

but this relation does not suggest itself to Mr. Calvert, whose poetry is a natural result of his own being and training. In some sonnets he expresses his thankfulness to Keats and Coleridge for the good those poets have done him. The influence of Keats, in his richness of coloring, might readily, it would be supposed, find welcome with one whose own veins are warmed with the blood of Rubens, it is said. That he willingly "with deep soul-logic was stoutly plied" by Coleridge would naturally follow upon affinities engendered in an education at Göttingen. These qualities are sought to be tempered into unison by a very manifest artistic spirit—something as he says of his friend Greenough,

"His life-long joy and sweet endeavor
To prosper Beauty's seeds."

This is a rare combination for a poet, and the question remains, does it succeed? What would you expect of an Emersonian cub licked into shape by Longfellow? I fear the bantling would be as dreadfully perverse as a stray gosling in a brood of chickens. Coleridge and Keats have undoubtedly mated excellently well in the mind of Mr. Calvert, and he has broad sympathies, a trained but not a free imagination, and no small degree of verbal readiness to show for it. I would not hesitate to go to him for sympathy in any mood of the higher order of susceptibilities. I think I should find him true to the dictates of culture and a fine enthusiasm; but I fear it must be said his poetry falls short for all such as value a result irrespective of its lineage.

A third poet, and very distinctly marked from either of these, is before us in the recently issued "Poems of Robert Buchanan," from Roberts Brothers, in a single handsome volume, who, like Brownell, has come to the surface within four or five years, and has won himself a name without any of the other's adventitious helps. When his first volume created some wonder in London, it was at once announced for republication by another house here; but they let the opportunity slip of adding a really valuable name to their list, and never brought the book out. Perhaps their judgment was not wrong at the time. "Undertones," despite its fine qualities, was hardly more than a reflective symbol. Ostensibly Greek in spirit, its Hellenism was a mere varnish, that did not conceal a more genuine heart-someness, which was ingrained in the verse, and which was really its valuable promise. The poet had evidently felt a fresh enthusiasm for the old mythology and succumbed to the same instinct that brought back the old names, until he felt

"'Tis Jupiter who brings what'er is great
And Venus who brings everything that's fair."

He acquired in the pursuit plasticity of language, and showed, moreover, the gods of his Helicon, for there came to him

"From English Keats's Roman grave a voice that sweetened toil,"
chiefest, I should judge, among them all. There were, however, varied reminders, usually not pointed, of others, and sometimes a thought that owned kinship in the very words, such as

"A groping for God's hand amid the darkness,"
suggestive of Longfellow's

"Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,"

which had already reappeared in Gerald Massey's

"Groping thro' the darkness touched God's hand."

His uneven pedantry of "Phoebos" and the like, beside the usual Latinity and the unusual Anglicism of "Polyphe," and such perversions, only bespoke something unsettled; nor did the tender felicity of his verse at times promise anything more than a passing fame. Mean while it passed to a second edition; but there was also another volume in hand. This second venture is the trying ordeal of a new poet. Alexander Smith sunk upon it. Miss Ingelow, as I learn, dreads it, and is waiting cautiously before her next venture. A first volume is always experimental; is largely a test of the mere mechanism of verse, and viewed as such. A second is the career that follows upon matriculation, determined no longer by a probationary rank. The same vein will besure to pall unless it is vastly higher in degree. It behooves so sweet a singer as Miss Ingelow to remember this. Robert Buchanan took, perhaps, the surer way, by turning, as it were, upon his poetic heel—as vulnerable, it might have been, as Achilles'. His second volume was strongly antagonistic to the first in thought, though of course, much allied in the mechanism of his verse. He threw behind him the classical dictionary, shook off the dust of Grub Street, and hastened to his native Scotland, and took up the tale of life in a village of the Lowlands, with counterpoise, "on days of rain," in Catullus, Dante, Chapman, Keats, and Wordsworth—a curious mixture, perhaps, but not the less amalgamatory. The result was

"Idyls and Legends of Inverburn," and its success warrants this collective volume of all his poems for the American market. I think him the most notable accession to our American reprints of English poetry since the same publishers made a fortunate selection in Jean Ingelow. To my mind he far outranks Mr. Swinburne at present, whatever the future may determine.

The books of the week are the long-expected and valuable "Life of Samuel Adams," in three volumes, by his grandson, from Little, Brown & Co. From Nichols & Noyes we have "The Phenomena of Plant Life," by Leo N. Grindon, lecturer on botany in the Royal College at Manchester, England; a new edition, in three volumes, of Theophilus Parson's essays; a juvenile, "Little Jamie's Mittens;" and "Dunn Brown in the Army," from William V. Spencer, "Thomas à Becket: A Tragedy, and other Poems," by G. H. Hollister, the play seeming, by a note attached, to be the stage property of Edwin Booth.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, January 1, 1866.

THE beauty of two great cities, Florence and Dublin, chiefly lies in the fact that the principal public buildings in both are not only very handsome, but grouped so near each other that, without crowding the space, they can be easily viewed at a glance as it were. We are getting into something like this in the fair City of Brotherly Love. Our State House—Independence Hall—must remain where it is, for its associations are hallowed; but it appears to be a settled idea that all our future public buildings shall be erected on Broad Street, which, indeed, deserves the name, and has the advantage of being somewhere about twelve miles long—which, however, is a trifle compared with your own Broadway, which, Washington Irving told me, he believed was intended to have stretched as far out as right opposite Albany. Moreover, he showed me a mile-stone on the highway, near Tarrytown, on which "Broad Way" was deeply cut in legible letters. I have no doubt that this memorial continues to stand where I saw it, and Mr. Irving spoke of corresponding stones having been placed considerably further on. Let me recommend your Historical Society to make a note of this, and inquire into it.

The Historical Society has not been able to purchase, to be preserved as a municipal relic, what is sometimes called the "Slate-roof house," sometimes "William Penn's cottage." It is known that William Penn and his family occupied it as early as the year 1700. John Penn was born in it. Late in the last century, when it was used as a boarding-house—

"To what base uses do we come, Horatio?"

—John Hancock, John Adams, and Baron de Kalb lived in it. It is a two-story house, built with yellow bricks, said to have been imported from Holland, and is located at the corner of Norris's Alley and Second Street, opposite the Corn Exchange, and within a few paces of Walnut Street. The front rooms on the ground floor are used as shops, which have the very humblest pretension. A couple of years ago, Mr. C. Knecht, now the worthy and wealthy president of the Corn Exchange, purchased this old house and a few adjoining lots, on which, it is reported, a new and splendid corn and produce exchange will be erected. He offered Penn's house to the Historical Society for less than it cost himself, and there was some talk of removing it, as it stood, up to Fairmount Park. This was not practicable, and, after some negotiation, the society did not buy the house, which is retained by Mr. Knecht, who is not the man to allow it to go to ruin or to be pulled down. It really is a most interesting relic, and one of the very oldest in the state associated with William Penn.

The success and prosperity of the Union League in this city, as reported up to the beginning of December, is remarkable. This association was the first of its sort in this country, but had its prototypes long since in the Reform Club and the Carlton Club, of London, which are nothing if not political. It has 1,769 members, 681 of whom were elected in 1865. The League Club-house, in Broad Street, is one of the most complete buildings of the kind on this continent—well furnished, handsomely fitted up, located in a central position, and with every convenience and elegance that could be desired. The cuisine is good, and food for the mind has not been forgotten, for the library is being rapidly supplied with standard books.

R. S. M.

"UNPARDONABLY STUPID" PAPERS.

[From the N. Y. Observer, December 26, 1865.]

A WEEKLY paper which suspended animation from inaction two or three years ago, and has recently been struggling into life again, renews its attacks, and, with the self-conceit of youth on stilts, offers its "word to say to

the conductors of the religious press." In this respect the religious press enjoys no exclusive privilege, for this enterprising juvenile has bestowed similar attention upon the daily press, and pretty much everything else that is going. It is nothing unless fault-finding; a vixen in its way; and evidently hopes for notoriety by the notice of those whom it assails. We should not gratify this desire, were it not that the interests of religion forbid that such gross and indiscriminate attacks on its friends should be passed in silence. Having condemned the publication of newspapers on Sunday, "Messrs. H. E. & C. H. Sweetser, conductors," make the following editorial asseverations:

"We have a word to say to the conductors of the distinctively religious press in this connection. Were their papers what they should be and might be, the Sunday issues of our daily journals would be less frequent than they are now. As a class, the religious papers are unpardonably stupid. We have before us several, and not one of them comes anywhere near the standard that should be and could be attained."

With much more to the same purpose, it concludes with the very remarkable discovery that the greatest attraction in a religious paper "is reading matter that is interesting, suggestive, rich in thought, sound in sentiment, and worthy of the Christian religion." As if every intelligent man did not know it already. This is not the first time that these precocious youth have assailed the religious press. In their former brief experience as journalists they made a charge upon it for publishing medical advertisements; but now, having taken to publishing the same advertisements themselves, they assail the religious press as "unpardonably stupid," "not what it should be and might be." Probably the publisher of every journal except the Sweetser's has a deep sense of its shortcomings; he has an ideal of excellence which he fails to attain, and after which he is striving continually with only partial success. Only young and conceited journalists reach perfection before they are six months old, and their perfection is only in their own eyes. When they have worked away a few more years, failed again, and risen from their failure and tried again, they will begin to understand that greatness does not consist in impertinence, nor ability in a display of bad manners. A venerable professor, taking his walk, met a student who neglected to touch his hat. Turning upon him sharply, he demanded, "How long have you been here?" The frightened student answered, "Only a week, sir." "I thought so," said the old man; "puppies don't get their eyes open under nine days." When these critics of the press have lived in the world of letters a few years more, they will get their eyes open to their own failings, and the transcendent excellences of others whose virtues they have now no faculty to comprehend and admire. For this is the secret of the blunder they make. They are criticising what they are unable to appreciate. Weir, one of our greatest American artists, selected for his picture that now adorns the Rotunda of our nation's capitol "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims." He was at that time a skeptic. He tried to paint the picture, and could not. He studied the men, the times, the causes that drove them homeless to a foreign wilderness. And as he studied, light broke in upon his soul. He became a Christian, and then he did his work. Till then, he knew nothing of the greatness underlying the religious principle, that made those simple Christians heroes. So with these newspaper critics. What do they know of the power there is in a story of prayer, a lesson of humble faith, a case of penitence and pardon? What do they care for the record of a revival of religion, the spread of the gospel, the conversion of heathen? To their taste, of course, the elegant religious biographies by Dr. Sprague, the rich devotional discourses by Dr. Kirk, the trenchant Protestantism by Dr. Berg, are "UNPARDONABLY STUPID" compared with "The American Pharisee" and "A Holiday Rigmorole," by H. E. and C. H. Sweetser. Pages that breathe peace and good-will to men, that carry consolation to the bereaved and mourning, that cheer the cottage and the hall with their views of all lands, and give a liberal education to every family that reads them year by year—pages that cost more money and toil and taste to get them up for a week than are expended in a month on the flashy, sensational, "pitching into" hebdomadals, that live, as mosquitoes do, by sticking their bills into people, and die as soon—such pages as the religious papers of this city cannot possibly appear otherwise than stupid to the "conductors" of such ephemeral, puerile, and superficial sheets. They can descant on the evils of billiards, for they have been there, and glorify the drama, and art, and music; but religion, which makes men truthful, and charitable, and decent in speech and behavior, to them must be "unpardonably stupid." Make such critics religious, and their occupation is gone. We have taken an interest in the success of these young men, and have a "word to say" that may do them good. Be patient and decent. Wisdom will not die when you do, and some people know a thing or two besides you. Good manners will not hinder your usefulness, and respect for those who are wiser and better will make you more respected by others, even if it takes down your self-conceit.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- M. W. DODD, New York.—Winifred Bertram and the World she lived in. By the author of the Schönberg-Cotta Family. 1866. Pp. 479.
LAWRENCE KEOHE, New York.—Sermons of the Rev. Francis A. Baker, Priest of the Congregation of St. Paul, with a memoir of his life. By Rev. A. F. Hewitt. 1866. Pp. 504.
FREDERIC A. BRADY, New York.—Common Sense. By the author of Kate Kennedy. 1866. Pp. 131.
M. DOOLADY, New York.—Paritania. A Satire. By a Metropoli tan. 1865. Pp. 32.
WILLIAM V. SPENCER, Boston.—Thomas à Becket: A Tragedy, and other Poems. By G. H. Hollister. 1866. Pp. 192.
G. W. CARLETON, New York.—Poems by Gay H. Naramore. 1866. Pp. 198.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—The Belton Estate. By Anthony Trollope. 1866. Pp. 393.

JANUARY.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. BRIGHT'S JOURNAL.

Have spent a pleasant day receiving New Year's calls, and a merry hour at its close comparing experiences with my husband. Had the satisfaction of hearing my dress pronounced "stylish," and the pleasure of telling him that I made it myself. Thanks to my Wheeler & Wilson, I know nothing of what somebody calls "the wife's nightmare"—dressmaker's bills!

This week I have given up to the usual calls of "the season." My friends compliment me upon my good health and spirits; and I think the cause of both is the freedom from anxiety resulting from a well-ordered household, which, without vanity, and simply stating a fact, I believe mine to be. The secret of it is that I insist upon having everything done in its season, and never suffer the work of one month to accumulate upon that of another; consequently I have few "housekeeper's trials," and can enjoy a leisure hour without the uncomfortable sense of something left undone.

Have just paid my usual evening visit to the nursery; heard the little prayers, given the good-night kisses, and left them to slumber, sure that "all is well" with my darlings. Mine should be "a calm and thankful heart," if a happy home, a loving husband, and sweet, healthful children can make it so.

FEBRUARY.

Went to the concert with my husband. He says that music being my only extravagance, he is obliged to indulge me, in spite of a reproving conscience. This is "his little joke" at my expense; for the extravagance is, to say the least, mutual, and he knows well that I should not enjoy music, or anything else, if he did not share it with me. Moreover, he holds with me the doctrine that money is well spent which contributes to refine our tastes and beautify our lives. Therefore, the concert and all good music, wherever we meet it, comes under the head of "necessary expenses" in our domestic economy.

A quiet, happy evening at home, put on record for another proof that the simplest pleasures are often the sweetest. A new book read aloud by my dear husband was the only entertainment; and my fingers were busy meanwhile—shall I tell it?—darning stockings! But that homely embroidery fitted well with Herbert Spencer's genial philosophy, and while I gained new ideas about my boy's education, I had a certain satisfaction in feeling that I was making comfortable provision for his toes also. Dear little toes! May the feet that own them stray into no by or forbidden paths.

MARCH.

"A man's work is from sun to sun, and woman's work is never done," says the old adage. But if the woman be wise enough to make herself mistress of a certain little household fairy, whose fingers never weary and never wear out, take my word for it, her toil need not outrun the daylight. It is such a pretty little fairy, too, so obedient to all my behests, so swift and so sure! I take a fancy to ornament little Alice's frock with braiding, and let the fairy fingers fly in and out of the complicated pattern, reproducing all its curves and angles with mathematical precision. I want a tucked skirt, and in an hour the spaces are marked, the tucks folded down, the neat stitches set like rows of seed-pearls. I have a dozen handkerchiefs to hem, and before these mortal fingers (not clumsy ones, either) could have finished a single one, the whole set are completed. The greatest charm of this fairy is that it possesses the faculty of multiplying itself indefinitely, so that every woman may command its services for her own household. And for my part, I would dispense with many luxuries for the sake of securing such services, if I were not so fortunate as to have them at command already.

APRIL.

Had a spare ticket for the last Philharmonic rehearsal, and called for Mrs. Blank, thinking she would like to accompany me. Found her up to her eyes in plain sewing—"would like to go dearly, but could not possibly spare the time," which I thought very odd indeed. Her family is no larger than mine; her income no smaller; yet she never seems to have time for the simplest recreation. One is tempted to be uncharitable and ask: What can the reason be, meanness or bad management? Spent an hour at my sewing-machine this morning braiding a sash for Charlie. My husband laughs at what he calls my propensity for finery. But if I have a weakness, it is to see my children well dressed. Comfortable and neat, of course, they always are; and when I can make their little garments beautiful also, at small cost of time or money, where is the harm? Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like the lilies of the field; but are not the lilies of the field, and all the other blossoms that God has clothed with beauty, examples in a certain sense and excuses for personal adornment?

MAY.

A great misfortune happened to-day. Poor little Alice experienced her first grief in the loss of a tiny black and tan terrier, "Jet," by name, who died suddenly this morning. The little creature has been her pet for a year, and she is heart-broken at his death. Have been trying to devise something for her consolation, and think I will take her with me this afternoon when I make my donation-visit to the Church Charity Foundation. . . . Found my idea a good one. Alice was delighted with our excursion, quite falling in love with the poor old ladies and helpless little orphans at the "Home." It is her first glimpse into such an institution, and I was surprised to see the intelligent interest she manifested. One child attracted her special attention—a bright-eyed little thing called Jessie, and, singularly enough, nicknamed "Jet." I saw Alice's eyes fill up at the familiar sound, and presently her little hand stole into mine: "I should like to give her something, mamma; may I?" So I allowed her to choose a book from my basket, and watched the presentation, which gave at least as much pleasure to the giver as the recipient.

JUNE.

A delightful afternoon at the Academy of Design—Frank and Alice with me, as they have been every year since old enough to go out with me at all. I think one cannot cultivate artistic tastes too soon in children, so take pains to have mine see pictures, statues, curiosities—everything beautiful that is within our reach; and, from the first, I make a point of teaching them to observe and discriminate, that they may enjoy things intelligently—not merely for show or glitter. The reward of my trouble comes to me already; for Frank's comments and criticisms this afternoon were (without being in the least priggish or unchildlike) so sensible as to make him a most agreeable companion.

Celebrated little Helen's fifth birthday with a doll's tea-party. Invited ten little girls with their dolls, and gave up the afternoon to the entertainment, which passed off without a cloud. Confirmed in my creed that any outlay of time and trouble which goes to make children happy is a profitable investment.

JANUARY.

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. BLANK'S JOURNAL.

Vexed my husband this morning by refusing to receive New Year's calls. He declares that I grow more unsocial every year, and I dare say it is true; but how can I help it? The new year brings me only new cares, and still I sing, "with a dolorous pitch," the same song of "stitch, stitch, stitch." . . .

A call this afternoon from Mrs. Bright. She is no younger than I, and, perhaps, no prettier; yet I was conscious of a contrast not at all to my advantage. How fresh, and handsome, and happy she looked! How faded, and careworn, and sad I felt. What is the secret of the difference, I wonder? . . .

Am hard at work in mid-winter upon garments which should have been finished in the first of the season. Poor little Ellie is still wearing her thin summer flannels, because the older children must at least be made respectable for school, and I cannot do everything at once. I do my best, yet I seem to be always pursuing my work, never able to overtake it. . . .

Little Ellie is sick to-night, tossing in her sleep, hot with fever. I sit by her crib, sewing upon the flannel skirts at last, and feel sorely that the want of them has caused her illness. Yet, how could I help it?

FEBRUARY.

Tickets for the concert sent unexpectedly by a friend, but my husband did not come home, so was unable to use them for want of an escort. Got only this, by way of comfort, when he did return: "How could I know you wanted to go? You never go anywhere. And what is the use of my coming home, to sit alone down stairs, when you always stay in your own room? Don't blame me for your disappointment; it is your own fault." Is this true, really, and am I then so much to blame? God knows it is not for my pleasure that I sit alone evening after evening, plying the weary needle; not for my happiness that I know him seeking his enjoyment in people and things apart from me. Yet, what can I do? Is it not a hard alternative when one has to choose between neglecting one's husband or one's children? . . .

Nothing pleasant to record this evening, which is, alas! nothing new. Busy all day with my needle; too tired and dull to welcome my husband at night very cheerfully; considered "cross" in consequence, and tempted to deserve the title by being so in reality. Do marriage and maternity necessarily mean slavery? Taking my daily life for example, the answer would be a bitter affirmative.

MARCH.

Have accomplished little or nothing this week, owing to little Ellie's illness. She has been just sick enough to want continual petting and nursing, and of course it is only I who can do it to her satisfaction. Why is it that children always tyrannize over their mothers, I wonder?

Looked wofully this morning toward the pile of work which has accumulated during Ellie's illness. Stockings to darn, trousers to patch, aprons to mend, frocks to make, shirts to cut out! One pair of weary hands to do all—one heavy heart to bear all the complaints and annoyance that arise when it is not done. There is a reason for all this, it is said, but I confess I cannot see why my life should be thus wasted in this hopeless sort of toil. I would not complain if the results were adequate to the labor; but I have so little to show for my day's work; so much more than I can possibly do is left undone. Yet I give myself wholly to these household duties, even to the neglect of what I feel to be better things. My mind is narrowed down to the range of my work-basket, my aspirations confined to the circle of my needle; yet even that poor ambition meets perpetual failure.

APRIL.

Refused an invitation to go to the Philharmonic with Mrs. Bright, who looked surprised when I gave want of time as an excuse. She seems to have plenty of time for going out, though one would think her family cares would confine her as much as mine. Perhaps she neglects her children to take her pleasure! When a mother goes to so many concerts and lectures, reads all the new books, entertains company, and all that sort of thing, it's very apt to be the case that the children's stockings are not darned, nor their petticoats mended!

Worked since early morning and till near midnight on a spring dress for Annie to wear to school. Had to go to bed at last and leave it unfinished, with the pleasant anticipation of her disappointment to-morrow. "She is so tired of wearing her old merino!" And so wonder. The children are known by one dress before I have time to make them another; although they have no superfluous work on them either. Annie complains sometimes, poor child, of her untrimmed frocks; and I answer her with mild moralities about the beauty of simplicity and the sin of vanity; which silence without satisfying her, and leave me self-reproached for preaching what I would not practice except through necessity.

MAY.

A most unhappy record to-day. Came down to breakfast, worried and irritable, and found Arthur holding a young canary bird in his hand. "Look, mother," he exclaimed eagerly, "Harry Warren has given me this dear little bird; his mother let me choose the prettiest one in the nest." And what are you going to do with it? I asked impatiently, some evil spirit making his happy excitement utterly distasteful to me. "Why, keep it, of course. You'll get a cage for it, papa, won't you? I've wished for a bird so long," and his imploring look at me should have been enough to dispel the hateful feeling. But not so. I answered hastily: "No such thing. Your father cannot afford to buy cages, while so many things are more needed. Carry the bird back again; I can't be bothered with it." Almost before the speech was ended, I had repented it. But it was too late then to recall it. Arthur was too proud to remonstrate, and without a word marched out of the room, coming back no more. My husband gave me one look—that was all. The meal passed in miserable silence; the day has gone by as wretchedly; Arthur avoided me in proud resentment—my own conscience my sorest punishment.

JUNE.

Spent the afternoon shopping on Broadway and Canal Street. Getting into the stage, tired and heated, my hands full of small parcels, and my spirits dejected in the recollection of how much money I had spent, and how little I had to show for it, I encountered Mrs. Bright and two of her children, all three looking provokingly like their name! They were dressed so charmingly in the freshest of spring attire, and had been to the Academy of Design. "Had I visited the Exhibition this year? Was I not delighted with those lovely girl-faces of Wenler's? those delicious little landscapes of Shatuck?" and so on, and so on, till I felt more dejected than ever in my painful consciousness of a contrast, not to my advantage, that Mrs. Bright's presence always forces on me. She takes life easily. I wish I had her secret.

Poor Ellie goes to bed in tears. She and her doll were invited to Helen Bright's birthday party, but the doll—significantly named Flora McFlannery—had, like her namesake, "nothing to wear." Ellie would not go without her, and I feel self-reproached for her disappointment. I ought to have dressed her doll long ago; but how can I, with so many human dolls waiting dresses?

JULY.

Practiced industriously for two hours this morning, "making up," as H— mischievously says, "for time lost at the sewing-machine." The "household fairy" has just accomplished, under my supervision, six new shirts for his lordship; not to speak of a host of brown holland aprons for Charlie and Helen, and some stout gingham frocks for Alice—these last for country wear. Which, according to my practical view of things, was time very well "lost!" Still, I must not neglect my music, for I know it's value too well as one of the "ties that bind" us in household unity and harmony. . . .

A busy day packing for the country. We have been fortunate enough to secure board so near the city that my husband can attend to his business, and still spend the evenings with his family. My house is in order, my summer sewing all done, the children provided with everything needful; and I look forward to a happy holiday.

Have arranged our little apartments so that they begin to look homelike. Two or three engravings on the walls, some books, my work-basket, and Alice's canary in the window, give the familiar aspect; while the lovely outside views of woods and river, upland and meadow, atone for all deficiencies within.

AUGUST.

Went down to the river for a swimming lesson to-day. Frank learned to swim last summer, and has undertaken now to teach the children and myself. No great progress as yet; but we all splashed about, and had a merry time. A sudden cloud came up while we were still in the river, and gave us a shower-bath in addition to the plunge. The effect of the rain-drops upon the water, seen from the midst of them, was exceedingly beautiful. . . .

Some new arrivals from the city this afternoon, among them an acquaintance—Mrs. Blank. Met her unexpectedly on the piazza, and had the pleasure of rendering her some little service, which she appreciated almost too gratefully. Am glad of the opportunity to improve my acquaintance with her. . . .

Went up to Mrs. Blank's room, to ask her to join us in a "crabbing" expedition. Found her sewing, as usual, and too busy to go. I discovered at last, however, the reason why she never has time for anything: she attempts to do her family sewing without a sewing machine! No wonder her work is never done. Gave up the crabbing party, and told her of my experience of the "household fairy," which so astonished and delighted her that she is determined, at any sacrifice, to have one for herself.

SEPTEMBER.

Have tested an idea which came to me some time ago, and found it worthy of record. It was simply to suggest for Alice a permanent instead of temporary interest in the little orphan, Jessie, and show her how to turn it to good account. Which I did accordingly; and it is now one of her chief interests to work for little "Jet." She saves her pocket money to buy books, or playthings, or small articles of dress for her, and gives up many of her play-hours to sewing for her. What she can do is, of course, nothing very important in itself, but I encourage it for its influence upon her own character, and see already the good effects. Her sense of responsibility makes her thoughtful and womanly; and where before she was rather inclined to self-indulgence, this new interest has taught her practical lessons of self-denial. May these be the only first-fruits of affluence rich in good works and charity. . . .

Attended a bright little dinner-party last night at Dr. R—'. Met several celebrities of the pencil and the pen, who, for once, were as enjoyable personally as in their books and pictures.

OCTOBER.

Celebrated the anniversary of our wedding-day by a drive in the park, a stroll down the Lovers' Walk, and a row across the lake. The day was heavenly, with its soft, misty sunshine and brilliant autumn foliage, and our own hearts harmonized with all its loveliness. Thirteen years since we were married, and it seems only yesterday! But such happy, loving years press lightly. On the lake, floating in one of those fairy-like skiffs among the swans and water-lilies, H— grew poetical, and repeated those four loveliest stanzas of "The Miller's Daughter,"

"Look into mine eyes with thine, true wife."

But as for me, I could only think of the sweet old hymn, "When all thy mercies, O my God!" for one verse had been in my mind all day:

"Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and grateful friend
Has doubled all my store."

Paid my annual subscription to the "Association for the Relief of the Industrious Poor." This charity especially interests me, because it is based on a sound principle—employment furnished to the destitute, and full value paid for the labor. Thus self-respect is preserved while distress is relieved.

NOVEMBER.

Another birthday is to be recorded; not celebrated by a doll's tea-party—Alice is too old for that—but not less lovingly commemorated. Her father's gift was an engraving of Ary Scheffer's "Temptation," one of a set of scriptural subjects which he is collecting for her, and in which she takes great enjoyment. Frank bought her a dainty copy of "The Children's Garland from the Best Poets," and my own gift was the published record of a beautiful life not long since ended, the "Memorial of Alice B. Haven"—rather mature for her present age, but she will appreciate and, I trust, emulate its sweet lessons of faith and charity in after years. . . .

A busy and pleasant day, spent chiefly in making up on my sewing machine a number of garments for Christmas distribution amongst the poor. . . .

An hour at the piano with Frank. It is one of my fancies that the influence of music at home and the power to produce it themselves goes a great way toward keeping boys out of mischief; so have taken pains to teach Frank carefully, as well as Alice, in anticipation of the time when we can afford masters. . . .

DECEMBER.

A merry evening with the children, preparing decorations for our Christmas tree. The little ones, who still keep faith in Santa Claus, were safe in bed, but Frank and Alice assisted gleefully in making cracked hats, cornucopias, and candy boxes, and even papa condescended to lend a helping hand. We adhere religiously to all the time-honored observances of Christmas; endeavoring to make it not only a merry holiday, but a special occasion for inculcating, by precept and example, the sacred lessons of him who came to bring "peace on earth, good-will to men." . . .

Packed and sent away the usual "Christmas boxes"—a gown for Widow McAnally, a basket of groceries for Mary O'Neil, a doll for little motherless Jamie Thompson, and other such simple offerings. With the lumping in my heart to do so much more, this encourages me: "A cup of cold water only shall not lose its reward."

To-day brings the close of the year, marked with fewer cares than blessings; and the last page of my diary, not always faithful in recounting them. Let the final record at least be one of thankful acknowledgment for the "unnumbered comforts" that have surrounded me. Also, a prayer for the "calm and thankful heart" that is free alike from "murmurs" and "vain confidence."

JULY.

Bridget's evening out, and I took her place in the nursery to guard the sleeping children. A feeling, half ludicrous, half pitiful, took possession of me as I sat there sewing; a wish that I was servant instead of mistress, that I might have the privilege of at least one evening in the week to spend as I pleased! Ridiculous, of course; nevertheless, it is painfully true that I do not have as much time for recreation as my own servants.

Third of July, and to-morrow the awful Fourth must be endured, with its multiplied miseries of run mad, frightened babies, servants "on a rampage," etc., etc. Wish I could have escaped into the country, as Mrs. Bright did; but, alas! there is a mountain of sewing to be leveled before I can attain to the breezy hills and shady woods that I sigh for. * * *

Baby grows thin and fretful—the heat seems unusually oppressive this summer—and his father is very impatient to get the children out of town. "How long before you can be ready?" he asks almost daily. I am straining every nerve to get through the necessary work, but it will be August before the children can be ready.

AUGUST.

Out of town at last through much tribulation. My husband declared that the children must wait no longer if they went without clothes; so packed up what remained of my work to finish in the country and started off yesterday. The journey very unpleasant, owing to heat and intolerable crowding; but our boarding-house promises to be comfortable, and the country around is beautiful, with ample range for the children. Found (to my advantage) that Mrs. Bright and her children had been here since the 1st of July, and was a favorite in the house. Under her direction much more attention was paid me than I should otherwise have received, and in many ways she has been exceedingly kind. I remember (to my shame) that I have sometimes had uncharitable thoughts about her.

There is a remedy, we are told, for every evil under the sun. Mrs. Bright asserts, with encouraging confidence, that a Wheeler & Wilson is the remedy in my case. I have seen for myself how easily her household cares sit upon her. I have also seen that her children are not neglected, as I once imagined. If a sewing-machine is as efficient a helper as her experience seems to prove, what price would be too dear to pay for it?

SEPTEMBER.

Have discussed the sewing-machine idea with my husband, and find, to my satisfaction, that he heartily approves of it. A little economy in other expenditures will enable us to purchase one, and my heart is already lightened in anticipation of the burden of fall work. For the last week, at least, I will give myself up to the full enjoyment of these lovely September days, with their misty skies and faintly turning leaves. I will roam the fields with the children in search of wild grapes, take swimming lessons in the river, join "crabbing parties," and "bob for cels!" Also, I will explore the windings and hidden springs of that laughing brook in the woods, and in some green nook, with rippling water and murmuring leaves about me, I will read Jean Ingelow's poems. Who can tell? Perhaps the time is coming when I shall have leisure to read when I please. Just now, an idle hour with a volume of poems seems the rarest luxury.

Home again, and the burden of household cares, dropped for a while, must be taken up once more. Fall sewing, fall house-cleaning, pickling and preserving; sending the children to school, and getting settled generally. But I bring to the task new energy—born of rest and hope.

OCTOBER.

The important purchase has been made, and I am really the owner of a sewing-machine. I walk around it with a sort of awe, fingering the mysterious hooks and gauges, and wondering shall I ever comprehend and make available its delicate mechanism! Mrs. Bright assures me that I shall, under the careful instructions furnished by Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson. I go this morning to their beautiful rooms on Broadway for my first lesson.

Gave Arthur for his birthday a present which will make him forget my unkindness about the canary-bird. It was, in fact, the same bird, which I took pains to obtain, and for which I bought a pretty cage—denying myself a new pair of gloves that I need in order to do so. A small enough sacrifice to atone for my fault. Hung up the cage in the dining-room window, and laid a little note on Arthur's plate, signifying his ownership. The quick tears in his eyes, the warm color flushing his brow when he read it, expressed everything without words. I knew that he understood all I mean by the gift, and his look of loving gratitude made me able, for the first time, to forgive myself.

NOVEMBER.

Fall sewing almost done; thanks to my invaluable sewing-machine. It has been all that I had hoped—more than I dared to anticipate—in the way of assistance; and, indirectly, other advantages flow from it. My husband looks up with a smile when I take my seat after dinner: "Not quite so exclusive as you used to be!" And the children: "Oh! mamma sits down stairs every evening now. Isn't it a great deal nicer, papa?" It is pleasant to feel that my presence is the attraction for all of them; and I inwardly resolved that it shall not be lacking in future. I will "use all diligence" to retain and perfect the family reunion, not forgetting to be thankful for the opportunity to do so.

Played and sang with the children this evening while they practiced some Christmas carols for their Sunday-school concert. Looked over my shoulder—hearing a manly base suddenly in the "Three Kings of Orient," and met my husband's eyes, with a look in them that said: "This is what I like." So prolonged our rehearsal till the children's bed-time; and finished the evening with a game of chess, in which I had the satisfaction of checkmating him—purely by accident, as he conceitedly declared.

DECEMBER.

A complot from Stoddard's charming version of "The Children in the Wood" has flitted through my brain all day:

"And leaf by leaf the rose of youth
Came back to Lady Jane."

Truly I am younger as well as happier, now that the weight of a forever-unfinished task is lifted from me. I shall never cease to be grateful to Mrs. Bright for introducing me to her "household fairy." It has proved to me more than that—a household angel.

"Merrie Christmas" is at hand once more, and all hearts are attuned to its gladness. The children are full of important secrets. Mamma has hers also, among them a marvellously-dressed doll that will gladden Ella's heart, and a braided dress that will satisfy Annie's wildest desires. Suspicious-looking parcels are smuggled into the house from time to time, showing that papa has his little mystery, too, and I think I shall not much longer covet that copy of "Melodies and Madrigals!" We do not forget, either, these little children of God in whose homes no Christmas-trees grow. Our good cheer shall be shared with them, for His sake who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

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